

Américas

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MIAMI

ILL WINDS by Ivan Ray Tonnahill, page 6



Américas

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Dear Reader

On February 14, the OAS Council completed discussion of the program for the forthcoming Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which will open at the Pan American Union building in Washington on March 26. The following points make up the agenda:

I. Political and military cooperation for the defense of the Americas, and to prevent and repel aggression, in accordance with inter-American agreements and with the Charter of the United Nations and the resolutions of that organization.

II. Strengthening of the internal security of the American Republics.

III. Emergency economic cooperation:

a) Production and distribution for defense purposes.

b) Production and distribution of products in short supply and utilization of necessary services to meet the requirements of the internal economies of the American Republics; and measures to facilitate in so far as possible the carrying out of programs of economic development.

Within the wide scope of these subjects, whose common denominator is their relation to the emergency, the Foreign Ministers will undoubtedly introduce proposals for resolutions, declarations, and so on. No one expects that it will be necessary to draw up conventions or treaties, since the inter-American system already provides the diplomatic instruments to meet the present situation.

The items that received the longest and most careful scrutiny by the Council were those dealing with emergency economic cooperation. Points I and II are so clearly defined in inter-American agreements, and the obligations of inter-American collaboration and solidarity are so obvious, that these subjects offered no difficulties of wording or interpretation. By contrast, some doubts arose about the economic aspects when the United States presented its original proposal. Some Council members asked whether cooperation, instead of being limited to problems of production and distribution of materials and manufactured products directly related to defense, would extend to the problems that would arise in the civilian economy of the American States as a result of military preparations. They also wanted to know whether programs of economic development would be continued or whether these would have to be cut off because of reduced supplies of materials, scarcity of machinery, and limitations on the employment of capital.

The intentions of the U. S. Government were further clarified on January 31, when its representative requested that this item be worded unequivocally to cover these questions. His letter stated: "My Government recognizes the interest of the other American Republics in plans for increased economic activity. It is manifestly impossible and inappropriate for the Meeting of Foreign Ministers to consider all aspects of the economic future of the American Republics. However, the Government of the United States considers it appropriate and desirable for the Meeting to discuss frankly both the possibilities and limitations of the present emergency with respect not only to existing economic activities, but to plans for increased production for both civilian and defense purposes."


Secretary General

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Opposite: La Ciudad India (Indian City), from mural by Diego Rivera in Mexico's National Palace

CONTRIBUTORS



Making a wide sweep to "Havana, Cambridge, and Return," AMERICAS associate editor ROBERTO ESQUENAZI-MAYO reports this month on the fiftieth-anniversary celebration of Cuba's public schools. Education is something with which this young Havana-born Cuban is closely allied. He studied philosophy and letters at that city's university and political science at New York's Columbia, has taught there, at Rutgers, and at Sweet Briar. Besides stints as reporter and feature writer for *Patria*, *El Pais*, and *El Mundo* of Havana, he has worked with Fernando Ortiz and Lino Novás Calvo on the Cuban review *Ultra*, has published a book of historical essays, and contributed to periodicals all over the Hemisphere. Because of his book of memoirs on his life as a paratrooper in World War II, published in Cuba, he was recently runner-up for Cuba's Ricardo Veloso Literary Prize.



"Ill Winds" have always blown IVAN RAY TANNEHILL some good, for he has formed a successful career around them for over thirty-seven years. As a meteorologist with the U.S. Weather Bureau's hurricane warning service, he feels confident of storm reporting's future success in eliminating loss of life and property. A graduate of Denison University, Mr. Tannehill is the author of several books, among them *Hurricanes, Their Nature and History*, now in its seventh edition, and many pamphlets, papers, and articles on the weather. Today, he is chief of the Weather Bureau's division of synoptic reports and forecasts, and international president of the Synoptic Weather Commission of the world weather organization.

"Music by Chávez" is music to the ears of HERBERT WEINSTOCK, long an admirer of the Mexican composer, with whom he is personally acquainted. Mr. Weinstock has built his life around music and musicians. Born in Milwaukee in 1905, he was educated at the University of Chicago, returned home to become music critic of the *Milwaukee Leader*. Since then, he has authored numerous articles on Mexican music and co-edited *Renascent Mexico*. Some time ago, he translated into English Chávez' book *Toward a New Music*, while *Men of Music*, which he wrote with Wallace Brockway in 1939, has become a classic of its kind. A revised and enlarged version came out in 1950.

Product of a diversified background, thirty-nine-year-old JORGE PINETTE is acquainted with a variety of subjects from medicine to music. Educated in Milan, Italy, he is a master of several languages, an authority on philology, and is known as a fine translator of works of all kinds. He lives in Buenos Aires, where his many interests have given him an insight to "Argentina

Through Prints." In addition to composing, he has written many articles in praise of modern music and combines scientific research with his literary endeavors.



Mexican GONZALO BLANCO knows the subject of hemisphere farming "From Hoe to Tractor," which is to say, thoroughly. A graduate of the National College of Agriculture at Chapingo, near Mexico City, he was agricultural attaché at the Mexican Embassy in Washington for two years before undertaking postgraduate studies at Cornell University. Currently technical adviser for the PAU division of agriculture and conservation, he has been his country's delegate and adviser to various food and agriculture conferences and has contributed many articles to Mexico City's notable daily newspaper *El Universal*.

"Queen of the Coast" is Chilean novelist MARIANO LATORRE's sensitive appraisal of the palm tree, which, through convincing animation, he almost turns into a human being. Such fancy is not unusual for this creative writer. Born sixty-five years ago of a Basque father and French mother in Colquecura, Maule Province, he received his title of professor at the University of Chile in 1915. Winner of Chile's national literary prize in 1944, he has written more than five novels and seven collections of short stories, in addition to numerous essays on literary subjects. Recently he was appointed cultural attaché at the Chilean Embassy in Spain.



Spaniard EMILIO GONZÁLEZ LÓPEZ opens wide for us "The Landscape in Literature," a departure from his better-known role of distinguished lawmaker. Nevertheless, his skill in showing how nature has always seemed to dominate Western man attests to the success during the last eight years of his course in literature and Spanish civilization at Hunter College, New York. Born in La Coruña in 1903, he studied law and political science at the University of Madrid. Since then, he has taught criminal law in the Canary Islands, at Salamanca, and in Panama. He has been a deputy to the Spanish parliament and in 1942 helped set up the Panamanian penal code.

For this month's book section, because he is a poet himself, AMERICAS asked Barnard College professor EUGENIO FLORIT of Cuba to discuss *Gabriela Mistral y el Modernismo en Chile*, by Augusto Iglesias. Princeton University's noted literary authority WILLARD THORP tells us about *The Pencil of God*, the Marcelin brothers' outstanding new novel on Haitian village life. (The PAU's Philippe Thoby-Marcelin is well known to AMERICAS readers.) And WALLACE B. ALIC, AMERICAS temporary assistant editor, praises with faint damning Thor Heyerdahl's remarkable *Kon-Tiki*.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.

Outward bound. Some of original group of Cuban teachers en route to Boston in summer of 1900

Havana,



Cambridge,

Harvard held English classes for its Cuban visitors as aid to full understanding of U.S. teaching methods

and return

Returning the favor. Group of U.S. teachers en route to Havana, December 18, 1950, aboard Cuban frigate Antonio Maceo



Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo

IN MARCH 1950 Ernesto Ardura wrote an article for the Havana newspaper *El Mundo* on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Cuba's public-school system. In it he suggested that the government should bring one U.S. teacher from every state in the Union to the festivities, by way of returning the hospitality Harvard University had extended to 1,200 Cuban teachers in 1900. The Ministry of Education supported the idea and put the wheels in motion to carry it out.

The war that won Cuba's independence from Spain in 1898 left in its wake tremendous problems for the new country. Perhaps most serious was the breakdown in education. The Spanish Government had severely limited educational opportunities and the orders of General Weyler, "the butcher," had decimated the population. So Cuban youth was in danger of starting out its republican existence without even the most elementary sort

of schooling. Teaching lagged way behind. Alexis Frye, new superintendent of public schools appointed by the military governor, Major General Leonard Wood, realized he had no time to lose.

Within sixty days the dynamic Frye, a distinguished U.S. educator, had organized three thousand grammar schools, with 3,511 teachers and 130,000 students. Next he set about raising the teaching level. Since most of the

Harvard president Charles W. Eliot invited Cubans to Cambridge in one of shortest, most enthusiastic messages in telegraph history



teachers were unfamiliar with modern methods, and few were normal-school graduates, he conceived the idea of sending a large group to the United States for special studies. The skills learned there could be put to good use on their return; but the teachers must be gone no longer than necessary. With characteristic energy, Frye and Ernest Lee Conant, a U.S. lawyer with offices in Havana, wrote at once to ask Harvard's President Charles W. Eliot whether the university could offer a summer course gratis.

The reply was brief: "Frye, Havana. Yes. Eliot." Counting room and board for six weeks, the courses, and various excursions and entertainments, Eliot and his colleagues estimated seventy thousand dollars would be needed. But Harvard had no money to spend on such a project. So the public's help was requested at a big



Symposium of U.S. and Cuban teachers at the Fundación Rosalía Abreu, industrial school for women

meeting in Boston, and the newspapers backed the campaign. Between April and August, \$71,145 was raised. Rich and poor alike chipped in, for Cuban independence was a popular cause. As General Wood declared in the official invitation, signed on May 16, 1900: "This invitation is without parallel in the history of the world. It is not a gift from nation to nation, but from teacher to teacher. . . ."

The news reached every corner of Cuba. In all, 1,230 teachers, representing 129 cities and towns, were chosen to make the trip—some selected by the local mayors, others by their own colleagues. On June 22, five army transports provided by the U.S. Government began to

take on passengers at fourteen different points around the island.

Almost as soon as one of the vessels, the *Sedgwick*, cast off, Frye's well-known determination and energy came into play again. Some of the inexperienced lady passengers felt seasick, and Frye rushed off in search of Comdr. J. W. McHaig to ask him to assign quarters to his charges. He found the officer breakfasting in his cabin. "Of course," McHaig said, "but just wait till

Dr. Felipe Donate, director of Cuban primary schools, explains how his organization works. At left, author Esquenazi-Mayo

I'm finished." Impatient, Frye insisted. Suddenly McHaig shoved back his chair, stood up, and swung at the perspiring superintendent of schools. Frye promptly retaliated with a blow that laid McHaig out cold. Then he proceeded to assign bunks to the teachers.

In Cambridge, the men teachers were given lodgings in the Harvard students' dormitories, while the women stayed in nearby private homes. Since the university had no school of education at that time, young Harvard and Radcliffe graduates and undergraduates were recruited as instructors, and courses were arranged to demonstrate teaching methods while giving specific instruction. The general program consisted of two English lessons daily; a course of eighteen lectures in Spanish on physical geography, illustrated by an equal number

Minister of Education Aureliano Sánchez Arango awards diplomas and gold medals to founders of Cuban public school system



of excursions to points of geographical interest; two history lecture courses in Spanish—one on the United States, the other on the Spanish colonies in North and South America; lectures on free libraries, on the organization of U.S. schools, and on child psychology; and a course on manual training for the men. The most popular of all was a course for the women on kindergarten teaching, given by Miss Laura Fisher, superintendent of kindergartens in the Boston public schools.

During the teachers' stay at Harvard, Boston and Cambridge families and societies entertained them royally, with receptions and concerts in their honor. City officials showed them around. Alice Longfellow ("grave Alice," of her father's beloved poem *The Children's Hour*) invited them in small groups to her mansion, Craigie House. When President Eliot and other leading citizens left town for the summer, they turned over their homes to the Cubans. On July 4 the visitors laid a wreath at the elm where George Washington took command of the Continental Army. The stores around Harvard Square put up signs in Spanish in their windows. Even "John, the orange man" posted his fruit list and prices in Spanish on his donkey cart. After the course was over, the teachers visited New York and Philadelphia, and in Washington they were received by President McKinley on August 18.

Enthusiasm equal to Boston's was aroused throughout the United States. In a letter dated May 8, 1900, Elihu Root expressed the prevailing sentiment: "I believe that this body of teachers going back after their experience here, and scattering into every municipality of Cuba, will carry back more of saving grace for a peaceful and prosperous Cuba than the whole power of the government could accomplish in any other way." From July to October many favorable comments appeared in the Massachusetts press and educational journals, calling the project the best way to create an efficient primary education system in Cuba. An interview published in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* on July 2 quoted Antonio Alayo, a sixty-year-old member of the group, as declaring: "The action of the Harvard authorities and the federal government in bringing us up here will accomplish far greater results for good in our island than all the legislation of a century." Dr. Eliot reported: "Since I have been president of the university no single act seems to have commanded so much support as this movement."

There also seemed to be some surprise that the Cubans turned out to be just like anybody else. On July 7, for example, the *Cambridge Tribune* pointed out that the Cuban ladies did not all wear mantillas, and were not content with candlelight but asked for matches to light the gas jets. "They also wanted butter on their rolls and many other things like civilized persons."

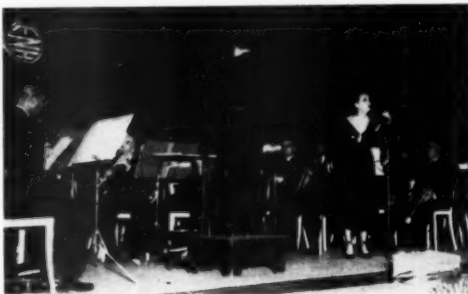
Roger Clapp, writing in the *Educational Review* for October 1900, strongly favored the ladies: "The women of the party were far superior to the men in every way. . . . Indeed, whatever good is to be accomplished in the schools of Cuba will have to be the work of the women; not much can be expected at present of the men."

(Continued on page 43)

Typical Cuban music was played by this quartet in honor of U.S. visitors



Cuban hostesses pin delegate badges on U.S. teachers arriving at Havana aboard the Antonio Maceo



Concert of Cuban music honoring visiting teachers was presented at Havana's Normal School, maestro Gonzalo Roig conducting



Concert was held at Auditorium Theater for U.S. teachers and UNESCO delegations simultaneously in Havana; note in second row (from right): Cuban cartoonist Juan David; Mrs. Raúl Roa, wife of Cuba's Director of Culture; author Fernando Ortiz



Storm winds

Ivan Ray Tannehill

THE DREADED TROPICAL CYCLONE—called hurricane in the West Indies and neighboring areas—is slowly being stripped of its power to take human life. Not that these devastating storms are losing an iota of their tremendous force. The reduced death total in recent years is due solely to the strengthening of storm-warning services and government cooperation in a public-safety campaign. Weathermen in these countries are spurred on by memories of periodic catastrophes throughout the region's history. In four and a half centuries more than a thousand tropical cyclones have been chalked up; the results of intensive storm-hunting in recent years show that if all had been recorded, the total since the arrival of Columbus could not have been less than three thousand.

The most disastrous of these monstrous storms in the Eastern Caribbean area was the "Great Hurricane" of 1780. Striking first at Barbados, where neither trees nor dwellings were left standing, it sank a British fleet anchored off St. Lucia. In turn, Martinique, Dominica, St. Eustatius, St. Vincent, and Puerto Rico were devastated. Though France and Britain were then at war, the hurricane's destruction was so overwhelming that the governor of Martinique freed imprisoned English soldiers, declaring that in such a disaster all men should feel as brothers. The known loss of life was 19,000; if all deaths had been reported, the total probably would have passed 25,000.

The worst catastrophe in the western part of the hurricane region was the Galveston hurricane of September 1900, when six thousand people were killed. Like many other hurricanes noted in the annals of death and destruction, this storm came from the Atlantic Ocean, probably from the region of the Cape Verde Islands; it grew in power as its gyrating winds moved slowly westward across the ocean, then through the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. After crossing the Texas coast, bringing an unprecedented storm tide from the Gulf, the cyclone had a long and eventful life, failing to dissipate over the continent as many of them do. It finally recrossed the Atlantic, this time in higher latitudes, and was traced far into Siberia.

To Haiti and the Dominican Republic, hurricanes are a familiar phenomenon. The most destructive on record was the one that struck the eastern end of the island of Hispaniola on September 23, 1834. Known as the

"Padre Ruiz Hurricane" because it reached Santa Bárbara de Samaná during funeral services for a priest of that name, it caused an appalling loss of life and property at Santo Domingo. Many vessels were lost and buildings destroyed; on both sides of the Ozama River, large tracts of timber were uprooted. More recently, the most noteworthy was the small but exceptionally violent hurricane of September 3, 1930, when the storm center passed directly over Santo Domingo (now Ciudad Trujillo). Because of its small diameter, the hurricane struck very shortly after the winds began to increase, soon reaching an estimated velocity of 150 to 200 miles an hour. The population, though warned in advance, was caught off guard. Two thousand lives were lost and eight thousand people were injured; property losses amounted to about fifteen million dollars.

Columbus experienced his first real hurricane in July 1494, off the Haitian coast. Approaching Cape Tiburón, he took refuge from the violent winds in the channel of Saona. "Nothing but the service of God and the extension of the monarchy should induce me to expose myself to such dangers," he declared. Although Haiti lies in the path of hurricanes coming from the east, many lose force over the Dominican Republic before they arrive. But those passing near Haiti's south coast cause much destruction. One of the worst was a "freak" cyclone in 1935 known as the "Hairpin Hurricane." Forming in the western Caribbean Sea, it moved northeastward past Jamaica, striking Haiti on October 21, then backtracked westward and southwestward to Honduras. In its wake torrential rains in mountainous areas caused devastating

floods. Casualties in southwestern Haiti were estimated at two thousand; it also ravaged Santiago de Cuba, Jamaica, and Honduras.

Mexico is doubly plagued, for these unwelcome visitors approach from two oceans: From the Atlantic side they cross the Gulf and strike the coast between Matamoros and Tampico, often crossing Yucatan en route. On the Pacific side, they occasionally form over waters off Guatemala, El Salvador, or southern Mexico, gathering force as they move northwestward off the coast until they strike inland over western Mexico.

In Cuba the worst hurricanes generally develop over the western Caribbean Sea in late September and October, moving northward or northeastward across the island. One of the most violent of this type occurred in October 1926, causing enormous damage on the Isle of Pines and in Havana Province. Probably the most severe Cuban hurricane in this century, however, came from the



September 26, 1949: hurricane lashes double row of palms along Lake Worth at fashionable West Palm Beach

Atlantic through the eastern Caribbean in early November 1932. After passing south of Jamaica, moving slowly from November 6 to 8, it turned northeast, striking Santa Cruz del Sur on the ninth. But destruction was due chiefly to the tremendous seas, carried inland by the winds. The weather observer was drowned and the record lost, but survivors reported a vast storm wave. Out of a population of 4,000, approximately 2,500 were drowned. At Nuevitas, an experienced observer estimated winds at 210 miles an hour. Santa Cruz del Sur, which was almost completely wiped out, was later rebuilt, but the site was moved three miles farther inland to afford greater protection against hurricane tides.

Curious incidents connected with these disasters enliven the records, some illustrating the great power of hurricanes, others their vagaries. In September 1932, on Great Abaco Island, Bahamas, a furious hurricane with wind gusts estimated at more than two hundred miles an hour destroyed two churches built of heavy stone with walls almost three feet thick. Afterward some of the stone blocks were found half a mile away. During the same storm, a group of natives was huddled in terror in a stone quarry when a horse, carried on the wind,

dropped into their midst. A century and a half earlier, a man and his family on one of the Windward Islands left home to seek safety on higher ground as a tropical cyclone approached. Night came on before the raging winds subsided. The man went home, climbed the front steps in the darkness, walked through the open doorway, and fell into the basement. His home had been blown away.

Like a spinning top, the hurricane turns rapidly but moves slowly from place to place. While the center may advance at only ten to fifteen miles an hour, the screaming winds of the inner wall may whirl at more than 150 miles an hour. North of the equator, their rotary motion, derived from the turning of the earth on its axis, is counterclockwise. Within the wall is a calm area, the "eye of the storm," where winds suddenly stop.

When the "eye" moves past, the sun may even come out, as if the storm were over. In a hurricane one should



Powerful evidence of what the wind can do: after a hurricane hit Puerto Rico in September 1948

beware of the sudden cessation of violent winds and remain close to a place of safety. For after the calm center has passed by, dangerous winds will begin suddenly, as violent as before, catching people by surprise and causing injury and death to the unwary.

The center winds of a big hurricane may not be any stronger than those of a small one, but they last longer; it takes a big storm longer to pass over a place than a small storm. Thus a hurricane three hundred miles in diameter moving forward at ten miles an hour will take thirty hours to pass over; while one eighty miles in diameter moving at the same speed will blow at any one place for only eight hours.

The cause of these storms is heat and moisture—abundant over the tropical oceans—supplying so much energy for the destructive winds that an atomic bomb seems like a child's toy by comparison. But no one fully understands how a hurricane is born. It is known only that the air of the tropics becomes lighter as its heat and moisture increase. Heavier air in the surrounding region rushes in below, pushing the light air upward. The rising air is cooled by expansion; condensation into cloud and rain liberates latent heat, adding to the

upward draft near the center. As the updraft increases and pressure falls at the center, the air at the sides presses inward with increasing force, and the hurricane continues to grow in violence. Billions of tons of water are evaporated from the ocean surface, carried upward, and dumped as rain, releasing enormous power in the latent heat of water vapor.

In the open sea the winds of tropical cyclones produce giant waves, driven ashore atop high tides as the center crosses the coast. Their torrential rains overflow rivers, and raging floods sweep down from hills and mountains. In the El Salvador hurricane of June 1934, for example, the press reported whole towns buried under landslides caused by storm-driven rains. Lakes Guija and Coatepeque rose far above their banks. After the floods subsided, a steamboat funnel stuck out of the Lempa River with bodies floating around it; the death toll was estimated by relief workers at over two thousand.

The tide-raising power of the hurricane was curiously demonstrated in the case of the ship *Litbury*, caught in a tropical storm near the Florida Keys in 1759. Powerful northeast winds piled the waters of the Gulf Stream into the Florida Straits until the Tortugas and other islands disappeared. As night came on, the master of the *Litbury* anchored in a channel, or so he thought, to wait for the gale to die. At daylight he found his vessel high and dry on an island, with his anchor hanging in the boughs of a tree.

Many of these storms, on the other hand, have actually proved beneficial. If the center moves over the ocean, far enough away to avoid destruction ashore, and if ships at sea heed the warnings, it may cause little or no loss of life or property, while the rainfall in the outer storm area may bring relief from drought on islands and coasts, replenish the water supply, and bring life to dying crops.

In latitudes south of 25° north, hurricanes nearly always move from the east toward the west or from east-southeast to west-northwest. At about latitude 30° north, they are likely to turn northward and in higher latitudes they are likely to turn northeast. Their characteristic movements and their frequency in different areas are variable from month to month in the hurricane season. A study of maps of hurricane tracks of past years clearly shows these characteristics.

What can men do to protect themselves from these great storms? Weathermen get many suggestions. One man urged that an enormous funnel and air pump be built over the Yucatan Channel so that when a hurricane came along it could be sucked up into the funnel and spread harmlessly in the upper air. Many people have asked that the fleet be sent out to bombard hurricanes and shoot them to pieces before they reach land. Then there are those who advise us to destroy hurricanes with atomic bombs or by throwing dry ice into their upper parts from aircraft. Probably the surest but most difficult plan came from a Texas woman, who pointed out that hurricanes nearly always die out on reaching land and that therefore the governments should collect a large quantity of dirt and fill the Caribbean Sea. In this



Hurricane-whipped tides landed this large steamer far inland at Galveston, Texas, August 17, 1915

way, she said, not only would we get rid of hurricanes, but thousands of acres of new land would be available for raising sugar cane and coconuts.

Man never has been able to dispel a hurricane or even diminish its force, but much has been done to enable cities to withstand the onslaught. After the 1900 hurricane, Galveston put up a huge seawall around the Gulf side of the city, adding to it in later years. After the 1930 hurricane in the Dominican Republic, a seawall was built at the entrance to the harbor. As at Galveston, part of it became a beautiful drive along the waterfront. Breakwaters and seawalls have been built in many other places for protection against tropical storms and menacing seas. In all cities subject to hurricanes, building construction must take into account the continuous battering of powerful winds.



Cuban artist Mario Carreño's interpretation of cyclone's fury. Oil, 1941, in collection of Museum of Modern Art, New York

Storm experts say we can do something about these storms: Above all, a hurricane must never be allowed to slip up on us without warning. When the first signs are noted from ship or shore anywhere in tropical waters, the observer includes the evidence in his routine weather report to headquarters, drawn up in the international code. Next, the message is relayed to other countries. Calls for more observations go out by cable and radio to ships, islands, and shore stations. Weathermen put the reports on their maps and begin to follow the storm

center hour by hour. Weather offices on the islands and coasts confer by radio. Balloons carrying weather instruments and radio equipment rise into the atmosphere at strategic spots, sending the evidence automatically from the upper air. In the eastern Caribbean, coordination is carried on chiefly through the Caribbean Commission, and in the area as a whole, through the International Meteorological Organization, now being reorganized as the World Meteorological Organization,



Terrific 1930 hurricane left Dominican Republic's capital a shambles. City has been rebuilt as Ciudad Trujillo

a specialized agency of the United Nations.

When at some danger point in the Caribbean a weatherman sees signs of a hurricane and calls for aircraft observations, the storm hunt by air begins. Planes themselves rarely discover hurricanes. Relayed to the Joint Hurricane Center in Miami, the call goes out to dispatch U.S. Air Force or Navy planes, poised in Florida, Bermuda, or Puerto Rico. Reconnoitering the storm, they find and report the position of the center and the intensity of storm development. As the storm moves forward, automatic weather stations, radar, seismographs, observations of sea waves, ships' radio messages, and observers' reports from islands and coasts tell the story of the storm's movement, its effects on the sea, and the force of its whirling winds.

Reconnaissance flying directly into the hurricane is



no picnic. First the airmen plunge into dense clouds where nothing is visible to the eye, but the plane's radar penetrates the gale-driven mist to reveal breaks in the clouds ahead. Suddenly the plane leaves the violent wall of winds, emerging into smooth air at the center where the sun shines by day, stars by night. As the plane approaches the other side, the awful turbulence begins again. One weather officer on a flight into the heart of a hurricane said that it seemed as if the plane were being torn apart, and both pilot and copilot were unable to hold it to its course. When they returned to base they found that 150 rivets had been sheared off one wing alone. But the flights are worth the trouble: they give the exact location of the center, enabling the forecaster to plot the path and accurately predict the future course.

No single instrument can detect hurricanes at a distance. But by combining the information from all sources, forecasters are able to make accurate predictions of the hurricane's path twenty-four hours or more in advance. When warnings go out, ships maneuver to avoid being driven before the storm and into its destructive center winds. Planes at airports in its path are flown to safety. People are moved from dangerous coastal areas by automobile and train—as many as fifty thousand persons have been evacuated from dangerous places in advance of a single hurricane. Windows in homes and business establishments are boarded up. The Red Cross and other agencies, notified well in advance, prepare to take care of refugees and injured.

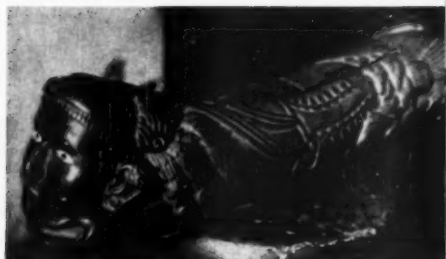
Most great losses of life in past hurricanes can be attributed to lack of warnings, inadequate protective measures, or the indifference of the people after several years without a bad hurricane—an "it-can't-happen-here" attitude. Recent experience has established that existing techniques and full public cooperation can prevent 95 per cent of the casualties common more than twenty-five years ago. Then hurricanes causing ten million dollars in property damage took 161 human lives in the United States; in the last five years hurricanes of the same force took only three lives.

Relief and warning services depend mostly on the local governments in the hurricane belt, which extends from the Atlantic across the West Indies, the Gulf, and Mexico to the Pacific Coast, and northward to the Gulf Coast of the United States and to Nova Scotia on the east coast. South and Central American countries below 12° north latitude are rarely affected, if at all.

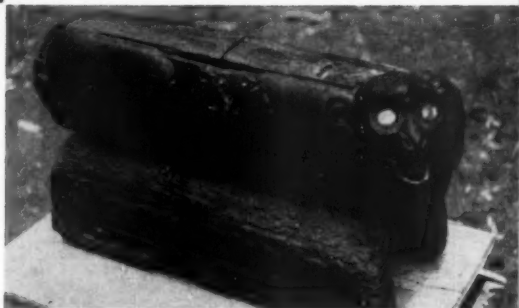
Although most of the loss of life can be prevented, and property damage can be reduced by adequate building construction and protective measures like boarding up doors and windows and bracing structures against the wind, much damage is unavoidable. Crops in the field are laid waste, trees are uprooted, power and communication lines are blown down, salt water smears coastal areas, and trees left standing are stripped as if by artillery fire. Paint is removed from automobiles and grass disappears as if fire had swept the area. These major disasters call for large-scale organized relief measures, and in the past, the people of the Hemisphere

(Continued on page 31)

Inundation of Tortola Island in 1867 hurricane that devastated parts of Texas, Mexico, and West Indies islands



Music by **CHAVEZ**



Herbert Weinstock

WHEN I FIRST VISITED MEXICO CITY in 1933, the ornate Palace of Fine Arts was not yet completed. At that time the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico gave its concerts in the shabby, unsuitable Hidalgo Theater on Calle Regina. An extraordinary season of four concerts was scheduled for late May and early June, and several times Carlos Chávez invited me to the dank, empty Hidalgo to hear the orchestra rehearse. Both he and the late Silvestre Revueltas, then assistant director of the orchestra, conducted at these sessions.

Revueltas, a musician of innate but largely undisciplined talent, took over for Debussy's *Ibéria* and Jacques Ibert's *Escales*. He transmitted a warm, unstable personality, and his hour or so of labor over Debussy and Ibert revealed a man struggling to impose order on an imperfect group of instrumentalists. He was far from successful. The men in the orchestra gave him a reasonable modicum of cooperation, and it was evident

that they really liked him personally. But I surmised that a concert conducted by Revueltas would nevertheless offer little beyond the unsteady quality to be expected of a five-year-old orchestra suffering from chronic budgetary anemia and a dearth of first-rate players.

After the Debussy and Ibert, Carlos Chávez was to rehearse the suite from Falla's *El Amor Brujo* and Ravel's *Bolero*. Neatly dressed in informal gray slacks

For some of his orchestrations, Chávez uses the teponaxtle, ancient Aztec instrument played like drum with sticks



Large Aztec drum, huehuetl, is played with hands. Like Indians, Chávez gets dramatic tone range by pressing deer skin stretched over top

Another teponaxtle, used for solemnizing fiestas of ancient Mexican demons as well as to honor the gods

and a sweater, he strode to the podium, brusquely indicated where he would begin in the first score, and started to conduct. At once the atmosphere changed radically, as if we had all moved to another theater with a new orchestra.

The easy, slack camaraderie between Revueltas and the men was gone. In its place appeared the hard, clear impression left by Chávez imposing his will, his musical conceptions, through a brilliant mastery of conducting technique. It was impossible to be sure that the members of the orchestra really liked Chávez—traditionally, orchestra men do not warm up to conductors of an imperious nature—but they watched him intently. More important, they responded to his dominance with performances superior in every telling detail.

"Ojo!" "Ojo!" Chávez shouted again and again as he tirelessly went over and over a passage that failed to satisfy him. The gradual improvement in the playing of each such musical fragment was plainly evident. I thought I detected resentment in some of the players as their conductor lectured them on how to play, cajoled, shook his head in annoyance as though doubtful of success, flipped back the pages of the score—and began again. But his insistence was rewarded with results, which was all that interested him. Whether or not his men were able to feel toward him the warmth that Revueltas evoked, they respected his effectiveness. They played for Chávez with a clarity, a force, and a concentration that the seemingly more friendly Revueltas did not command.

The actual concert in the Hidalgo on May 26, 1933, a benefit for the Mexican Red Cross and the Spanish *Beneficencia*, reflected the performances at rehearsal. Under Revueltas the Debussy and Ibert sounded well enough, but quite without distinction. Under Chávez the Falla and Ravel became vivid and vital, and the audience responded accordingly.

What I thus learned about this Mexican composer-conductor remains for me, after seventeen years, indicative of the character of the man. To attain his high standard of quality he is willing to sacrifice almost anything else, including friendships, which are as necessary to him as to most of us. An idealist and a perfectionist, he will tyrannize over himself and as many other people as need be to get the high-quality results he demands. This unyielding refusal to settle for second-best or for any effect but the one he has foreseen has won Chávez enemies both among the slipshod and easy-going and among those whose ideas of quality honestly differ from his. But the fact remains that he continues to get results.

Chávez' enemies charge that for more than two decades he, as a conductor, stood so squarely in the Mexican sun that he deliberately cast a shadow on others. He has often been accused of jealousy, of wanting to be Mexico's only conductor. The record refutes this charge: During his twenty-one-year directorship of the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, it was conducted by such Mexicans as Silvestre Revueltas for seven seasons, Eduardo Hernández Moncada for five, and José Pablo Moncayo for five. Among foreign guest conductors who accepted Chávez' invitation to appear were men of such stature as Ernest Ansermet, Sir Thomas Beecham, Eugene Goossens, Paul Hindemith, Otto Klemperer, Darius Milhaud, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Pierre Monteux, Leopold Stokowski, and Igor Stravinsky. This is scarcely the picture of a conductor selfishly afraid of sharing his orchestra or the limelight.

For a long time, another source of bitterness against Chávez was his insistence on playing twentieth-century music of every sort from Sibelius and Strauss to Stravinsky, from Copland and Bartók to Henry Cowell. He played music by Mexicans—works by young Blas Galindo, Manuel M. Ponce, Silvestre Revueltas (whom mischievous individuals tried vainly to set up as a rival to Chávez),



First page of score for *Danza a Centeotl*, second of the two dances from *Los Cuatro Soles* (The Four Suns) by Carlos Chávez

Luis Sandi, and himself, among many others. He said and wrote again and again quite simply that a symphony orchestra cannot be a museum, that to fulfill its proper social function it must perform not only the great music of the past, but also the best works, however difficult, of the present, together with the work of younger men not yet full masters. He did not heed the criticism that ordered him to play only familiar or restful music. He insisted that the composers of our time continue to have a place on his programs.

I first met Carlos Chávez in his Mexico City office early that spring of 1933. He had recently resigned as director of the National Conservatory of Music and had just accepted the post of chief of the Department of Fine Arts in the Public Education Secretariat. From the first, the vigorous, dynamic musician made a forceful impression on me. Not quite thirty-four, he was of slightly more than medium height and moved with swift, characteristic decisiveness. His handsome head was distinguished by a strong, firmly set jaw, restless, penetrating eyes, and a mass of heavy black hair, now splashed with gray, that was—and still is—dramatically unruly. He is always fantastically busy, apparently driven by the brevity of time and his demands upon it. Nonetheless he greeted me warmly and with unhurried poise when I called to present a letter of introduction. I knew almost at once that I should like to have him as a friend, both as a man and as a musician. It took Chávez somewhat longer to assess my beliefs and attitudes and offer me his friendship.

In the years since that enchanting Mexican spring,

I have passed many stimulating hours with Chávez in Mexico, New York (really his second home), Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Washington. I have heard him rehearse and conduct in all those places. Besides watching him on the podium before his own orchestra—which he led from its formation in July 1923 until its dissolution twenty years later—and seven orchestras in the United States, I have seen him composing, trying out at the piano what he had composed, discussing large and small plans of a dozen sorts, hiring soloists, and managing the complex network of operations implied by his present position as director of the government's Institute of Fine Arts. Very often, too, I have joined him ostensibly to relax. But never have I seen Carlos Chávez when he was not, in one way or another, living intensely. He continually keeps his faculties mobilized, all his senses entirely aware.

After the first rehearsal I attended in the Hidalgo Theater in 1933, I went up on the stage to talk with Chávez. The fresh-looking, neatly but flamboyantly dressed man I had spoken to earlier was slumped down on a tall stool. Despite the pervading chill in the air, his slacks, sweater, and shirt were crumpled and sopping wet with perspiration. His rebellious hair was matted and askew. Mopping face and neck, he looked understandably weary. I supposed he would go home to rest. But, grasping my arm, he quickly started up toward his dressing-room. "Now," he said, "let us go to find a very good meal." And we did. Chávez takes it for granted that food, too, must have quality, and he knows what tourists often fail to learn, that Mexico City is a gourmet's paradise.

Later that season I heard Chávez rehearse and then conduct a concert made up of César Franck's D-minor Symphony, the Second Suite from Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé*, and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the last with a chorus beautifully trained by Luis Sandi. Despite the contemporary texture of Chávez' own compositions and programs, he has a special and enduring feeling for Beethoven. His performance of the Ninth would have done credit to any of the far richer and better-manned orchestras of the United States. From others I had learned of the rather haphazard group of instrumentalists that Chávez had taken over in 1923 as the orchestra of the Mexico City musicians' union and had slowly transformed into the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico. Five years is not much time for the formation of a major orchestra. To mold from such disparate elements an organization capable of setting forth Beethoven's Ninth so justly was a miracle of purposefulness and energy. On the spot I conceived for Chávez a respectful admiration that has never diminished.

On a typical day I once saw Chávez carry out the following schedule. At 8:30 A.M. in his studio at home he rehearsed and accompanied a young singer who was going to present a group of his songs. Then he rushed to the Palace of Fine Arts to spend about an hour in the paper work of administrative detail. Next he rehearsed the orchestra for nearly two hours. Luncheon in a restaurant (a good restaurant, as always) was leisurely

(Continued on page 44)



from hoe to tractor

Gonzalo Blanco

THE CONQUISTADORS CAME TO AMERICA in search of gold and silver. But among the treasures they found here, corn and the lowly potato alone have proved hundreds of times more valuable than all the gold, silver, and precious stones brought out of Western Hemisphere mines since 1500. Today our countries have revised their views about agriculture, and the American farmer has become one of the chief concerns of the Organization of American States.

The coming of Columbus to these opulent virgin lands opened the door to a flood of new products: tobacco, tomatoes, chocolate, indigo, sarsaparilla, quinine, and hundreds of others as exotic as those the Europeans had been receiving from the fabulous, far-off Orient—and worth more. The royal courts, which had never dreamed of such sudden and apparently endless wealth, quickly set about its commercial exploitation and control. Production and distribution monopolies were assigned to loyal favorites, and the Hemisphere's natural resources became victims of greedy and merciless plunder.

With political independence, territories changed hands, but the fertile American earth continued to supply an endless variety of produce. It seemed as if the bountiful cornucopia had spilled out over a privileged continent, that everything needed for man's sustenance was within arm's reach. For more than four hundred years, abundance lulled the human senses until, by the twentieth century, the face of the continent had changed. The pressure of a growing population and the constant demand for raw materials from expanding, insatiable industries took their toll, until it was difficult to recognize some of the places glowingly described in the travel accounts of Humboldt, Darwin, and other European naturalists and explorers who roamed the continent during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

For suddenly the Virgilian quiet of the American countryside was interrupted by the raucous noise of the railroad in the second half of the nineteenth century and of modern road-building equipment in the early years of the twentieth. And the demands of growing economies wasted the additional natural resources made available by these two means of transport.

Fortunately, Europe and the relatively young nation of the United States slowly began to develop a scientific approach toward agriculture. Experiment stations were founded, agricultural schools and laboratories were set



Guatemala imports livestock from Minnesota by chartered DC-4 to improve the country's herds



Modern methods are taught in cooperative agricultural station at Tingo Maria, Peru: instructor explains milking machine



Chopping new plant cuttings from Lonchocarpus branches; plants' roots yield insecticide called rotenone

up, and gradually technical advances were put at the service of farm, forestry, and livestock production. The studies and experiments of the Austrian monk Mendel, which had gathered dust in the libraries of Europe from 1860 to 1900, were rediscovered, and a new technique called the science of genetics was born to improve the quantity and quality of farm produce. Later the same scientific spirit would insist on the need for conservation techniques to check the waste and ruin of resources.

Meanwhile, in Latin America centennial anniversaries were celebrated in the universities, where philosophy, logic, and humanistic studies had always held sway. But the new theories about agriculture, if not deliberately ignored, were relegated to a secondary place. The vast plantations and ranches that were legacies of the colonial era stimulated economic serfdom among the oppressed indigenous population. Absentee landlords resident in the capitals encouraged their sons to become doctors, jurists, artists, and clergymen, but never farmers. They entrusted the exploitation of their property and peons to an administrator who, in turn, wielded his power through merciless majordomos. Under them the laborers, using the same outworn methods of their ancestors, continued to fertilize the soil with the sweat of their brow and often with drops of their blood.

Then at the turn of the century a universal social conscience awakened. The Mexican agrarian revolution, China's social revolution, and the end of the Czarist dynasty in Russia shook to the roots the rural servitude that had hung on in some parts of the world since the Middle Ages. But while various countries in the Americas have rewritten their laws to end social injustice, the scientific revolution in agriculture has scarcely begun in Latin America.

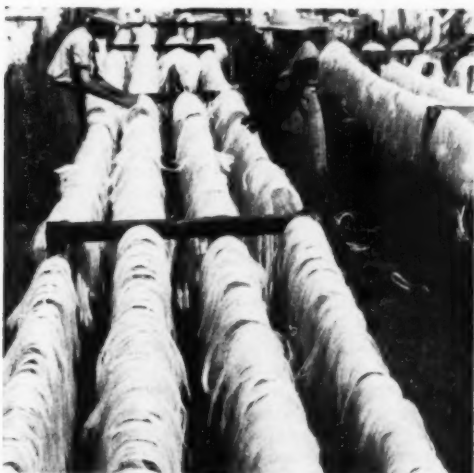
No one is more keenly aware than the OAS experts that modernizing American agriculture is a big order. For one thing, it looms as a major threat to those time-honored traditions and customs that have dominated continental farming for so many years. Again, it presents physical and social obstacles that appear insuperable. Although more than two-thirds of the people in the twenty Latin American republics live directly off the land, a large percentage of it is unsuited to farming. There just is not enough good quality flat land left for agricultural expansion.

Much has been said about mechanizing agriculture in Latin America without considering the mountainous terrain and the system of land ownership that make it uneconomical, if not impossible, to use the type of heavy farm machinery employed on the Great Plains of the United States. For along with large estates that make for careless land use, many parts of Latin America suffer from division of the land into plots too small for effective cultivation. Moreover, conversion to machinery would necessarily displace many farm workers who in present circumstances have no other place to turn.

Another potential social problem in the Americas, though only now beginning, is the movement of large masses of the rural population from overcultivated, unproductive zones to regions more favorable to farming



Mature cinchona trees, found in tropical Latin America, average 35-85 pounds each of dry bark for quinine manufacture



Drying henequen fiber for cord; plant grows in many Caribbean countries, but Mexico produces 93 per cent of world's supply

Below: From Nicaragua's mahogany-rich jungles, huge logs are exported to the United States for ship-building material



but where an unhealthy climate makes settlement extremely dangerous.

Studies and inventories made by the Pan American Union in some of the Latin American countries have revealed the ravages of soil erosion and the extent of poor land use. And it is typical of what is happening all over the continent. The havoc of erosion and soil exhaustion are plainly visible in deep gullies, badly washed slopes, barren land, violent floods, and lack of springs. Like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, deforestation, over-grazing, erosion, and the destruction of man's habitat have left a trail of desolation and misery in their wake. While the carrying capacity of the soil diminishes over the whole planet, there are fifty thousand additional mouths to feed every day. The New World is not thickly populated compared to some regions of the Far East. Still it presents the disconsolate spectacle of millions of displaced persons, ecologically speaking, to repeat the well-chosen phrase of William Vogt in his book *The Road to Survival*.

There's no denying that the continent's climatological as well as topographical conditions are not ideal for unlimited expansion and development of extensive agricultural activities. With the possible exceptions of the Argentine pampas and the vast central plains of the United States, the American countries have little level land where farm production can be appreciably increased. Yet this could be a continent of stockraising and forestry if the principle of using the land for the purpose to which it is best adapted is established. Tree crops that could be further developed include quebracho in Argentina, Paraná pine and eucalyptus in Brazil, mahogany in Central America, balsa in Ecuador, and oil seeds in Venezuela and elsewhere.

Production costs must also be reduced before Latin American farm products can compete favorably in world markets. The fact that rubber, cacao, quinine, pineapple, vegetable oils, and other originally American products must now be imported from places where they are cultivated at lower cost is a bitter lesson.

For more than twenty years, the Pan American Union has attacked these problems through its Division of Agricultural Cooperation. And there are many hopeful signs. One is the change of attitude—both individual and collective—on the part of Latin American peoples toward cultivation of the land. Universities south of the border now include a school of agronomy, of veterinary medicine, or similar curricula to teach and practice scientific farming. The Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica, a specialized agency of the OAS to which ten countries belong (see "Turrialba Farms for Tomorrow," September 1950 issue), helped enormously to raise agriculture's prestige. There American youth is taught the scientific approach and learns in practical terms the value of inter-American teamwork.

For its part, the United States has done much to share the technical skills it pioneered in. Every year a growing number of agricultural students and engineers from Latin America come north to acquire or perfect knowledge in the multiple branches of farming and stock-



Ecuadorian workman makes strips or "tuxies" of abacá trunk for cleaning; strips will end up as Manila hemp



Slicing tagua nuts thin for button-making; called "vegetable ivory," nuts grow mainly in two Ecuadorian coastal provinces

Below: Central American jungles yield abundant chicle for chewing gum; 100-pound bales are flown out of Guatemala's Petén area



raising. Two world wars stimulated production of foods and strategic materials—rubber, fibers, woods, oils, and the like, and to step up this production, the American countries made technical agreements—forerunners of President Truman's Point Four program. For instance, U.S. Department of Agriculture technicians worked with their counterparts in Latin America to produce rubber and abacá, using top-quality plants from Java, Borneo, Sumatra, and the Philippines. But one of the most successful examples of U.S. technical farm assistance has been the Rockefeller Foundation's work in improving Mexican corn. In a scant six years of tireless effort, it has succeeded in creating high-yield, disease-resistant corn in a country where it is the principal food but had always been scarce. For the past three years, Mexico has produced all it needs.

As permanent secretariat of the Inter-American Agricultural Conferences, the PAU Division of Agricultural Cooperation has arranged four of these general meetings, besides helping plan the strategic gathering at Denver, Colorado, in September 1948 to discuss conservation.

The last Inter-American Agricultural Conference, held in Montevideo, Uruguay, in December 1950, squarely faced the issue at stake: Latin America's mass rural population amounts to about a hundred million people, but the farm family does not yet form a solid democratic base for society. And its low standard of living makes it all the harder to adopt scientific improvements. The agricultural problem, moreover, is complicated by hydrographic, economic, and social factors. Once it is solved, rural areas will be able to enjoy the benefits of culture and industrialization which make human life more pleasant and dignified. Conservation of renewable natural resources took precedence in the discussions, and many technical recommendations came out of the meeting dealing with erosion control, forest-fire fighting, proper irrigation, legislation granting credit facilities for conservation promotion, and adoption of a continental policy on land use.

At the moment the Division of Agricultural Cooperation is developing special projects approved by the OAS Council for the technical assistance program. Preliminary research is under way to set up three training and study centers in different areas of the Americas. Blueprints also include an inter-American research center to combat the hoof-and-mouth scourge, plus rural housing and other projects to better the lot of the American farmer.

The experts realize that there is no panacea for what they are up against. So they plump for certain cardinal scientific principles as part of their over-all program: selection and disinfection of seed; use of fertilizers; crop rotation; contour plowing; combating pests and disease; proper storage; use of cover crops; incorporation of organic matter to improve soil texture; credit facilities and decent rates of interest for the farmer.

They are convinced that the application of the scientific method to Latin American agriculture will yield riches even more fabulous than those of the legendary Spice Islands. For the latent hunger of a growing humanity demands it.



WILLOW

OF THE COAST

Mariano Latorre

IN THE HILLS of Chile's coastal range grow slender palm trees, their tall shafts crowned with tufts of graceful branches. While they are not the only palms in the world that produce honey, theirs has the best consistency and most delicious flavor. And while the crystalline sap, as clear as the water of a mountain spring, yields this thick, sugary syrup, it is not the plant's only gift to man. At the proper season, the palm bears its fruit—thousands of little coconuts encased in shells like chicks-to-be, inside huge leathery purses that open and leave the nuts hanging in tight bunches.

I have heard that the sugary frosting for candied fruits and bon-bons is made from the snowy meat of these nuts, which along the Pacific coast are still known as Chilean coconuts. The nineteenth-century historian Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna told of vessels loaded with them in Valparaíso at harvest time to carry the fruit of the Chilean palms to other countries. Thus that southerly port sent a surprisingly exotic, tropical message to northern cities.

According to accounts of chroniclers of the Conquest and the colonial period, the palm trees must have been abundant in those days, but once the Spaniards discovered the secret of their vegetable blood, they destroyed the trees almost to the point of extermination. They extracted the sap through an incision in the bark, as is done with the rubber tree today, and they snared the coconuts with their lassos, as if catching some surly animal. The tree remained erect, with the appearance of life, but a slow death ate away at its heart. Its



Groves of tall, honey-producing *Jubaea spectabilis* palms like these at Cocalán grow in Chile's coastal range

fanlike branches turned yellow, and the round trunk, ringed and shiny as a snakeskin, gradually turned to earth-colored dust, until a gust of wind from the North sent it tumbling down the mountainside.

This native palm (*Jubaea spectabilis*) gives the sheltered spots where it grows, in the the abrupt valleys of

the coastal range, the appearance of warmer climes, and with the height of its trunk and the murmuring parasol of its top it towers above the lowly *boldo* shrub, the gay *mañén* tree, or the strong coastal oak. Where there are palm trees, the native forest loses its typical character. For they are the queens of the landscape, the motif of the wind, and the attraction that draws the wild birds from the mountains.

Why does this seemingly tropical tree live in the cool lands of Chile? For it is a sister of the innumerable palms whose rows of wild tops decorate the islands of the South Seas and the Caribbean. So far as I know, botanists have not found the origin of these native palms. They must date from prehistoric times when our territory had a warmer climate than now. Is Chile the border of a sunken continent, as Reclus theorized, of what was indeed a tropical continent?

If that were the case, this palm would be what the botanists and geologists call a relict, or in ordinary language the remains, of a gigantic palm of prehistoric times, changed through evolution according to climatic conditions and geological upheavals, just as the *choro* (mussel) found along our coast is the pygmy descendant of some gigantic ancient mollusk. A marvelous survival this—due to who knows what qualities of the soil and air, an oven formed of hills, or the mild sea breezes—that limited the plant's existence to corners of the coastal range from Coquimbo to the valleys of the Maule River and its branches. I have heard that there are palms of this kind in Peru and Colombia, and probably in California, too, where the deluded gold-seekers introduced the nuts in 1851.

To defend itself from the changes of the centuries and the geological tragedies of pre-history, this tree must have had extraordinary vitality. We see it in the way it guards its seeds in the hard, leathery canoe-shaped spathe, safe from atmospheric changes. These cases are as resistant as goathide or cowhide leather and are used for the same purposes by the farmers who live near the palm stands.

After the flowers have bloomed, the fruit develops and grows under the protection of this clay-colored tunic until the warmest weather arrives. Then suddenly, like a rifle shot ringing out in the hills, the cover unfurls and the tight mound of coconuts falls out, still tied to the mother tree as if by an umbilical cord. Held together in a long mass by solid, dark bonds, they look like those large clusters of bees that rest on the branches of trees during their annual migrations. The fiber holding the bunches of coconuts to the tree is so hard that the country people used to break it by lassoing and tugging on it, or by climbing up into the tree, sticking their spurs into the trunk, like a lineman scaling a telephone pole.

In winter it is useless to try to work the plants, for the sap holds back like clotted blood. Somber then, the tree seems to grow thin and wither until once again spring warmth swells the breasts of birds, opens the buds of trees, and makes the freshened air glow. Then the palm tree also revives, its rich sap begins to rise,



Jesuits used to plant palms in "male and female" pairs, but experts say each tree is capable of bearing fruit alone

and the blades of its gigantic top become flexible and elegant. Nothing is more decorative than the crowns of curving branches and the long, slender trunks, like the columns of an ancient temple, with the light—broken up among the myriad segments of the leaves—illuminating the smooth opacity of the trunks.

The fragile treetop is a masterpiece of balance. The least breath of air is enough to stir all the branches, making them resound like musical strings, and as the wind increases, a symphony runs through the palm stand in long fugues.

The palm stands of Ocoa, near Valparaíso; of Pedehua, not far from Santiago; the famous trees at Cocalán, some distance from Rancagua; and isolated groups in Alhué and in the provinces of Maule and Coquimbo, always bring to mind those Indian communities that still survive, mixed in with the farm workers of the region, in many valleys of central Chile. The cowboy who harvested the coconuts with his lasso or his spurs has been succeeded by industrialists who have exploited them to the point of exhaustion. While they used to pierce the trunk and milk the trees systematically, even more drastic methods are used nowadays. The trees are cut off almost at the root and, lying on sloping ground with their tops lowest,

left to drip their sap into tubs or special pots or jugs during the daylight hours.

Crystalline tears pause on the meaty fibers of the palm crown, then fall into the vessel. Thus they bleed, like huge amputated arms, and, if the juice stops flowing as it coagulates, the man in charge of this section of the palm grove cuts the soft fibers with a sharp knife, to make the clear magic sap reappear.

At first sight the palm groves on our coastal range are a startling spectacle. You leave the fertile symmetry of the Central Valley's pastures and cultivated fields to reach the first rises of the coastal range. Low hills and rounded profiles ring the horizon. Here and there the bony hands of thornbushes reach up from the rough, clayey ground, and the *quisco* cacti point their spiny fingers to the sky. Prodigious fertile valleys open up, so dense with the verdure of farms and wheat fields that they look like great lakes of stagnant water. Then up to desolate peaks, where the wind lives, and shy mists, those sisters of the clouds, pass by, pierced by the arrow flight of eaglets as they used to be by the wings of condors, now banished to the highest mountains. Memories of craggy vulture nests live on in the traditions of the region, and the condors have left their mark in many place names: Pumanque (many condors), Manquehue (place of condors), Mangarral (hill of condors).

Suddenly, the decoration of the horizon has changed. It is no longer made up of thornbushes or *quillay* or *litre* trees or *boldos*. It is a vast sea of graciously curved crowns atop straight trunks, a wonderland set before

At Viña del Mar, Chilean seaside resort, decorative palm trees are an integral part of the city's beauty



our eyes in a magical hallucination. We think of the tropics, not only because of the appearance of the palm tree, but also because of the shacks made of dry leaves from the sacrificed trees, and the workmen's white aprons and coppery complexions, which remind one of negro plantation hands in Cuba or Venezuela.

When you first visit the palm grove you cannot distinguish the individual personality of each tree, just as you cannot personalize the anonymous mass of cowboys who gather around a church on a festival or procession day, or around the big house of an estate at threshing time. But one who has lived near them and been in contact with these lofty and solitary inhabitants



Queenly "La Capitana" lifts its graceful top high above other palms in big grove at Ocoa

of the palm groves will learn to distinguish them and recognize their individuality.

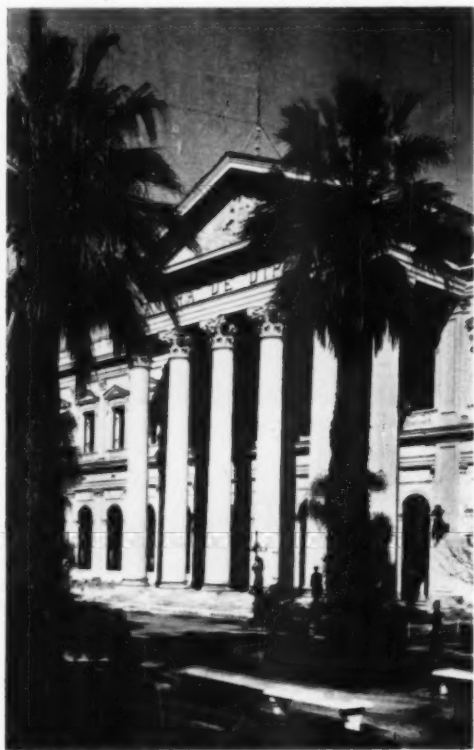
In a ravine, towering above the other palms, is the "captain," queen of the grove. Its crown of webbed branches, as symmetrical as an arch and silhouetted against the infinity of the sky, is so high that it looks small for the interminable length of trunk. A group of six palm trees appears to be cozily conversing when the wind, entering along the trail that gives the world access to the palm groves, moves the symmetrical net of their branches, producing an interminable whispering like the chatter of a group of gossiping countrywomen.

One can almost imagine the palms are commenting on the loves or misfortunes of one of the trees. For a beautiful—but unfortunately scientifically unfounded—legend, recorded by the colonial chronicler Father Alonso Ovalle, holds that these palms "have the remarkable and certain characteristic that none bears fruit except in the presence of another, so that if one is growing by itself without a companion, though it be very large and thick, it will never bear fruit till another, which they call the *compañero*, grows beside it."

"For this reason the Jesuits," commented Vicuña Mackenna, "always planted the palms in pairs, male and

female, as everyone who has visited their old and venerable establishments has seen. And it is said without malice, in tribute to the eminently practical spirit of the Jesuits, who always paid attention to the wise and fruitful lessons of experience."

In the Cocalán palm grove, the one I know some miles from the branch line between Pelequén and Las Cabras, I have seen two palm trees set apart from their relatives in a corner of the hills that looked exactly like a pair of newlyweds on their honeymoon with no more witnesses than the eaglets and doves. And on a mountain ridge, protected by the stony wall from the north wind, that wintry enemy of so many centuries, I saw a chubby palm, its trunk twisted in great woody knurls. Its top—a



Fan-leaved palms form part of landscape pattern around Chile's Chamber of Deputies in Santiago

half-bald head—had only a lock of spindly branches, stretched out in the direction of the wind. It gave the impression of a solitary little old woman, resisting time, forgotten by man and by time itself. In accordance with the rural Chilean custom of preferring the specific to the general—the nickname to the generic term—in the grove they call that one "the bowlegged palm." But as everything in life has its compensations, one day some adventurous bees landed on the worm-eaten trunk

and covered the base of the old bowlegged palm with sweet-smelling honey, as if their wild nectar were sharing the secret of its existence with the sap refined by the tree.

The ingenious farmers who live part of the year off the trees and for them have made the forest of columns and the arch of resonant treetops—more than materially reminiscent of an enormous temple to forgotten primitive gods—a poetic world of symbols and mysterious regional superstitions. Vicuña Mackenna relates that, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as Palm Sunday drew near, the owners of estates where there were palms redoubled their vigilance to prevent what he called the despoiling mystics from stealing the tree branches to adorn a church or chapel during Holy Week. The groves of Ocoa provided palm leaves for the faithful of Valparaíso, those of Pedehua took care of Santiago, and those of Cocalán went to Rancagua and San Fernando.

The work of overturning the palm trees and guarding them afterward to gather and prepare the honey has become an almost religious exercise, and the men who do this work are almost lay saints. Grazing cattle, wandering country dogs, and particularly the keen little foxes of the hills, when they discover the sweet freshness of the sap, approach and lick the head of the tree. This makes the fibers seal over and prevents the clear fluid from flowing, wasting the effort spent in felling the tree. Therefore the man in charge of a quarter section—twenty-five palm trees—constantly makes the rounds of the slopes where the wounded giants lie, both in the morning, when the palm bleeds the most, and in the afternoon.

The palm worker becomes a sober and solitary man, acquiring a special psychology, at least during the period of honey collecting. He is strictly forbidden to go down to the town, and he does not receive his allotment of provisions or his wages until after the harvest, at the end of autumn. Isolation surrounds him with an insurmountable wall of silence.

As the palm workers run with agile step through the ravines of the hills, wearing white aprons and with their lassos on their shoulders; as they stir the big tubs where the thick white sap is turning into the brown liquid called palm honey, they seem like rustic apparitions born of mountain myths. The stirring fork, in the sun-burnt hands of the palm workers, is like the devil's trident.

Women are kept out of this work because the tradition persists that their presence will make the palm trees dry up. In the hill people's primitive anthropomorphic interpretation, the palm is like a jealous and vengeful woman who allows no rivals and takes her revenge in the only way she can, by shutting off the treasure of her valuable sap. Because of this same superstition the daughters of the farmers secretly approach the groves and haunt the places where they know the workers must pass, in the eternal feminine desire to vanquish their rivals.

It often happens that a palm worker in love will neglect his trees. Then the foreman will easily figure out that some woman has violated the sacred temple of the palms,

(Continued on page 46)

accent

on youth



Primary school for one unit of Caio Martins School under construction

BRAZILIAN BOYS' TOWN

Hazel O'Hara

"How WOULD YOU LIKE to visit the school for abandoned children run by the state military police?" asked Howard Lundy, an educator friend of mine, during my recent stay in Belo Horizonte, capital of Brazil's state of Minas Gerais.

"A military school for abandoned children?" I repeated. "Sounds like something out of Dickens."

"Not quite," he answered. "The Caio Martins School is a project of one of the colonels. I've met him, and he's a fine fellow—quite a dreamer. But practical, at the same time."

"Is Caio Martins his name?" I asked.

"No, Caio Martins was an eleven-year-old Boy Scout hero," Howard said. "Ten years before the school opened, one night in December 1933, he was in a terrible train wreck. Hundreds of people were pinned under the twisted cars, and when the rescuers got around to the boy with a stretcher, he motioned them on to someone else, saying: 'A Scout walks on his own legs.' Then he died. They say the boys at the school reckon him among the saints. . . ."

At the appointed hour, I went down to the hotel lobby, where I was introduced to a friendly, dark-eyed man in a white suit who must have been in his thirties: Lieutenant Colonel Manoel José de Almeida, founder of Caio Martins School. A green command car with a soldier at the wheel was waiting outside, and we piled in.

No one said much at first, but before long we began to ask questions in blundering Portuguese. Colonel Almeida somehow managed to understand, replying with gentle



Boys get training in trades and farming, produce for school's needs

and endearing courtesy.

The school, he said, is on a farm some thirty-five miles from Belo Horizonte. It opened in January 1943 with eighteen resident students, while for the 1950 school year, 110 children were enrolled, including seventy-five resident students and the rest from neighboring farms.

"It's not restricted, then, to abandoned youngsters?" I asked.

"Not at all," the colonel answered. "This is more than an asylum. We are building a rural community where abandoned children can lead normal lives, but there's a lot we can do for local youngsters too. They're all day students, of course.

younger generation on the land. And they have reason to think they can do it. Already farmers come from all over the neighboring country in search of medical treatment, advice on animal husbandry and crops, or supplies. On Sundays people turn out by the hundreds to attend Mass, to hold market, or just to break the monotony of their lives.

We rounded a curve and started down a hill. "There's our school over there," said the colonel, pointing. I watched the vague blob in the distance shape up into several buildings grouped around a yellow house. The place had an unfinished look, and in the background against some trees we glimpsed the brick walls of a new



Caio Martins School, with houses and farmlands, admits only normal boys now, hopes to include girls and handicapped children

"Like any other town, ours is built around the home and family. Except that here each family has twenty-five boys." The residents, he told us, are referred by social agencies. They are literally waifs, whose parents had turned them out on the streets or had cleared out themselves and deserted them. The new mothers and fathers, who may bring along children of their own, are selected by the military police and occupy one of the three homes already completed at the school.

"The going has been slow," he continued, "but we have made a good start. We have a grade school, shops with artisan-instructors, and an agricultural technician. We have 1,440 acres of land under cultivation. And the school has become partly self-supporting—we have bought cattle and land out of the earnings. Eventually a store manned by the boys with business talent will be opened in the city as an outlet for our products."

We were traveling through rolling but not very prosperous-looking country, some of it covered with scrub forest, some cultivated. The houses were boxlike shacks, closely akin to city tenements. Using the methods of their forefathers, the farmers barely scraped a subsistence from the soil. The few schools were miserable affairs. Small wonder the region was continually losing people to the city.

By agrarian reform starting with the school, Colonel Almeida and his colleagues hope to raise the standard of living throughout the region and keep more of the

structure. We stopped at the house and were greeted on the steps of the veranda by the resident director, his wife, and their young son. As we waited in the living room for the inevitable cup of coffee, we learned more about the school's background.

Colonel Almeida, youngest officer in the Minas Gerais Military Police, has charge of the academic and physical education of recruits. Up to twelve years ago, they were given the usual training and put to work. Then the idea took hold within the force that the state police should be educated men, and the training program was accordingly expanded. The colonel has tried to carry this still further. He believes top-notch policemen must be sociologists, that they must go beyond the detection of crime and work to prevent it. He has dubbed the Caio Martins School their "living laboratory."

With the help of the director's young son, Colonel Almeida held up architect's drawings to explain the community's present and future layout. It had started with that small rectangular building we could see through the window that had been a storehouse on the original farm. Now there are three houses, a fourth going up, and several workshops.

Occasionally, when someone broke in to translate, the colonel would fix his eyes on me, who sat nearest him, and go right on talking, the urgency of his thoughts carrying him along irresistibly. He explained that the house we were in had been built by the boys and their

teachers; they had also made the chairs we were sitting on. When I inquired about the upholstery, the director brought a sheaf of fiber that looked like sisal. Running his fingers through it thoughtfully, the colonel said they hoped to build model country homes in the community with well-built furniture to demonstrate the use of local woods and fibers.

Blueprints have already been drawn up for a number of farms, covering from 120 to 240 acres and housing from twenty to twenty-five boys. The first two would be on land belonging to the school, while later farms would be on land acquired by the state for that purpose.

After coffee we started a tour, led by the colonel

and the tall, lean director—a military policeman in overalls, graduated from Normal School. First we stopped by the pharmacy, passing three boys draped on the steps. The colonel took a bit of sculptured clay from one of them to show me. The lad in the center, he said, walked almost ten miles to and from the school every day. The pharmacist, a small man with a wise face, pointed out his shelf of drugs and the small clinic behind—the nearest thing to a medical post for miles. The next step will be a resident doctor and nurse, and in time they hope for a polyclinic.

We were inclined to loiter, but the colonel urged us on, for the sun was going down. We looked in at the bakery and the cobbler's shop. The boys supply the institution and have enough left over to sell. Next we visited the carpentry shop where the furniture is made, walked through the vegetable garden, and took long-distance snapshots of some youngsters at the swimming-hole. In the corral we saw zebu cattle, with long noses and floppy ears like mournful hound dogs.

The colonel pointed out the altar in a grove of trees where Mass is said on fair Sundays, and the place where farmers put up their booths for Sunday market. We saw the stone quarry, where the boys cut all the stone used in the colony; and we drove through the fields to an impounded creek, walked out over the dam, and heard the colonel talk of their early and present water supply.

Later he took us back to the school building where the community got its start, with "a schoolroom at each end and a house in the middle." In one classroom under dim bulbs two men at their desks were preparing for night school. The electric light, supplied by a small, gasoline-driven generator, is a great thrill for the boys, who remember progressing during the first year from the old kerosene lamps.

Our last call was at a new house up the slope. Boys were playing soccer up there, and we watched their lively silhouettes hopping about against the last pale color in the sky. They, in turn, stopped to gaze at the foreign visitors. After we had been shown throughout the spacious, comfortable home, the colonel called them in. Tables were pushed back to clear a space in the center of the dining-room. Night had fallen, and this room too was dim under weak lights as the husky young voices sang a song to Brazil.

The performers could have been a group of lads rounded up from any playground anywhere. There were cropped heads, thick shocks of hair; lean, adolescent faces and faces that still had the soft outlines of childhood. Looking at them, I could hardly believe that their parents had "given them the slip," that only a short time before they had wandered in alleys and slept on doorsteps.

"And all this," I whispered to the colonel, "is based on the abandoned child."

"Well," he said with a smile, "you might say the abandoned child was our pretext for offering a backward countryside technical help and social leadership. We start with the abandoned child, but there are abandoned adults too, and we want our policemen to understand how to reclaim them."



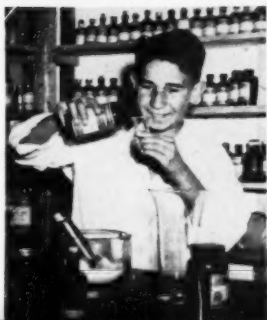
*School's founder,
Col. Manoel José de Almeida*



*Boys themselves print school's
two newspapers, Rata-plan
and Arrebol*



*Above: Sebastião at work.
Boys make the furniture for
classrooms and homes*



*Luciano gains self-confidence
working in pharmacist's
laboratory*

"My wig! My wig!" cries man in Bacle print satirizing enormous head combs in vogue in Buenos Aires in 1834

1

Figura de costumbres de Buenos Aires N. 3



El Vendedor de pasteles

Above: The Pastry Vendor, from series on Buenos Aires life printed by Bacle, first lithographer in Argentina

In 1760, Jesuit Father Baucke drew customs of Mocobi Indians: method of lassoing cattle



Buenos Aires

ARGENTINA T



in el baile

from the collection of the Museo de la Ciudad de Buenos Aires

ROUGH PRINTS

Jorge Pinette

THE DISTINCTIVE AND PICTURESQUE FEATURES of a past retreating with giant strides have been handed down to us by travelers who stopped at Argentine shores and by those who settled here, by those who noted our customs in passing and those who studied them eagerly. The quality of these literary documents is not always praiseworthy. On the contrary, they often deserve harsh criticism for their primitive construction or for the distortions produced by a writer unskilled in his own tongue attempting to translate idioms and typical expressions from a language he does not know very well.

The same is true of the plastic arts. Drawings, lithographs, miniatures, watercolors—naïve and childish, when not pretentiously stereotyped from academic molds—represented the very dawn of Argentine artistic activity in most unpropitious surroundings. But while critics may professorially belittle them, the historian or student of customs, society, style, cannot share this nar-

row point of view. The material is unfortunately so scarce—at times there is but one source to help us reconstruct a given episode—that, far from ignoring it, we must study it with the greatest care, analyze it in detail, and compare it with other contemporary documents, when these exist.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century there were no native Argentine artists of any significance. Almost all were foreigners, led by an adventurous spirit or the fortunes of life or war to these shores, so distant from the centers of cultural activity. Actually, most of them were only "art journalists" who examined the men and things of this land superficially. But this is not a valid reason for discarding them. Anyone who goes for the first time to far-off places is at once impressed by what seems to him unusual, strange, picturesque, often even incomprehensible. This fondness for "local color," so unjustly derided, drew the strangers' eyes to precisely those features that distinguished us from other countries.

I have been told by Alejo B. González Garaño—an outstanding student of our pictorial treasure and owner of the most important private collection of this material—that the name "Buenos Aires" appeared in art for the first time in 1599, in the illustration of Ulrico Schmidel's chronicle from the Levinus Halsius collection. From then on, travel books appearing at long intervals—sometimes accurate, sometimes invented—picture the landscapes, the customs, and the people of this inhospitable part of South America, which was spread out in endless Indian-menaced pampas, and which lacked the promise of mineral wealth held out by other regions or the inducement of the relatively sumptuous courts of the viceroyalties. Still, the typically Argentine—that is, the countryman, his dress, the singular importance of the horse—was gradually documented.

One of the most interesting records of the eighteenth century, truly important for its scope, is the series of engravings made by the Jesuit father Florian Baucke between 1749 and 1767. González Garaño says of it, in his *Iconografía Argentina*: "The complete life of the Mocoibí Indians is related here with such enormous wealth of documentation that we may say it includes the manners and customs of all the inhabitants of the Argentine coast. Notable are the engravings that show us horse races—much like the races common today in our countryside—and those dealing with the fight against locusts; riding equipment, and the various ways in which *boleadoras* and lassos were used. Of great interest are others documenting River Plate colonial agriculture—the plow and the harrow, how wheat was planted, harvested, and threshed, then stored in crude leather bags, ancestors of the modern silo. Others, equally valuable, demonstrate the method of building house walls of rammed earth, and picture not only the people of the region but also the animals—mammals, reptiles, and fishes—and the native trees and plants. In his travels, Baucke set down the characteristics of other River Plate localities—the mode of dress of soldiers and Spaniards, fishing in the Plata, wagons, the costume of the students at the *Colegio de Montserrat* in Córdoba." From this we



Englishman E. E. Vidal painted nineteenth-century Argentina. Above: his Milk Boys

can easily infer the documentary importance of the series and the reasons for overlooking its undeniable technical shortcomings and ingenuousness in the light of its invaluable and irreplaceable information.

Within the limitations of a brief note, one cannot go deeply into the subject. I prefer to skip even names of relative importance rather than convert it into a mere catalogue that would tell the uninitiated reader little. I shall pass over the increasingly worthwhile production that followed the establishment of the viceroyalty of the Río de la Plata, which gave us a new political countenance and a more precisely defined personality. I shall also pass over two decisive events in our history, even though both attracted the growing interest of artists and writers—the British invasions and Independence, proclaimed by the Buenos Aires *cabildo* (assembly) on May 25, 1810. Let us pause in the second decade of the past century, marked by the presence of an unusually significant artist. The Englishman Emeric Essex Vidal left us a large and interesting collection of excellent watercolors and sketches reflecting Argentine city and country life. Here are scenes of the city with its plazas and markets, churches and promenades; men and women in their period clothes; gauchos and Indians, soldiers



and officials; means of communication—wagons, stage-coaches, mules, and that companion in work and play, the horse; the general stores; the water-sellers, beggars on horseback, milkmen, wine merchants, and all that crowd of picturesque people who, with their color and their noise, appealed most strongly to Vidal's artistic sensibilities.

Less of an artist than Vidal, to be sure, but deserving of mention as one of the chief documentary sources of the next decade was César Hipólito Bacle of Geneva, who introduced lithography into Argentina. An artisan to whom we owe portraits of contemporary leaders, and printer of invitations, commercial documents, maps, and plans, he is especially well-known for his albums on the dress and customs of the day. Outstanding among them—despite all their artistic defects and their rather coarse humor—are his prints caricaturing a curious fashion much in vogue for a time in Buenos Aires: enormous combs of really unheard-of proportions, which today we behold with amusement in museums.



Beggars on Horseback, Vidal scene

With Bacle a cycle closed. Native artists, outnumbering the foreigners, began to play a decisive role; and, whatever their artistic merit, they are another stage in Argentine art. Perhaps this short account and the accompanying illustrations may serve to show us a fragment of yesterday, living again through the work of those who in one way or another, and with unequal skill, could transmit the images that document an age.

Mocobi Indians' horse race drawn by Father Baucke resembles rural contests in Argentina today



In Tacacoma, Bolivian highlands, man braves hostile nature

THE LANDSCAPE IN LITERATURE

Emilio González López

MAN'S ATTITUDE toward nature depends on the kind of land he lives in. For example, two contrasting conceptions of the landscape developed in different parts of Europe. In the Mediterranean South, where things are sharply outlined by the sun, where the valleys, the mountains, and the sea have an air of serenity, classical art arose, representing nature, like everything else, as orderly and clear-cut—but always as background. In the stormy countries of northern Europe, with their harsh winds, fog, and cold, men felt the deep mystery of the forces of nature and conceived of the landscape as a living being, yet unaffected by man. The result was northern romanticism in literature and thought as against the orderly classicism of the Mediterranean area. The northern view exalted nature to the point of making it almost a protagonist that went everywhere, like a vague and somewhat supernatural being, playing its part in human affairs, in novels, even in plays. But because of the relatively small dimensions of Europe's mountains and plains, the whole

At Machu Picchu, Peru,
ruins of Inca stronghold
nest among Andean
peaks



Majestic Chilean landscape: Llaing Volcano near Temuco in Los Paraguas National Park



Men worship near 20,000-foot peak
in Sumbay, Peru

European landscape—north and south, classical and romantic—was considered subordinate to the human will, which, like a demigod, subjugated everything around it.

The American environment changed the idea that man was superior to the forces of nature, giving rise to a new concept of the land and the landscape that differed from both the classical and the romantic views, although it had certain things in common with the latter. The high cordilleras of this continent, the impenetrable tropical forests, the extensive plains, were so out of proportion to those of Europe that men felt dwarfed and nearly annihilated by them. Almost from the beginning, the American natural environment showed up as a telluric force superior to man and in continuous conflict with him. The struggle between man and the land was not and could never be a theme for classicism or romanticism. In romanticism nature was a mysterious witness sympathizing with humans in their misfortunes, ailments, and passions. The American land is neither a passive background nor a compassionate observer. On the contrary,

it is the principal enemy of human efforts: an enemy that acquired the proportions of the mythological gods of Greek tragedy, against which the human will always struggled vainly.

The power of nature in the Western Hemisphere, the obstacles it has created, and its opposition to man is one of the pre-eminent American themes distinguishing New and Old World literature. The theme itself created a new literary world. From the time the European first came into contact with this imposing, almost supernatural environment, he wrote of his astonishment. All those who looked closely at this New World, whether born in Europe or here in America, were impressed with its grandeur and potency, which overpower man and reduce him to insignificance. Enrique de Vedia wrote in his prologue to *Historiadores Primitivos de Indias* (Early Historians of the Indies, from the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, Vol. 22) that the early historians were chiefly concerned with recording such impressions of amazement

in their books: "The spectacle of new and absolutely unknown vegetation, of fruits and birds and animals never seen before, of accidents of nature on a scale the Old World could never match; those gigantic mountains crowned by eternal snows, those rivers that look like seas. . . ." Hernán Cortés himself, always so anxious to give the king a concise account of his exploits, stopped from time to time to describe the outlandish proportions of the landscape, which was a new way of emphasizing the almost insuperable obstacles he had to overcome. He told of his struggles with snow-covered sierras and active volcanoes as well as of those with the Indians.

Gonzalo Hernández de Oviedo, one of the first chroniclers of the Conquest, pointed out that the land produced everything with no help from man, as if he were of no importance. Speaking of the Antilles, where nature is less violent than on the mainland, he wrote in his *De la Natural Historia de las Indias*: "All the crops known in Spain that are raised in Española are better and yield more than in some parts of Europe; and these

crops are left to grow and multiply on their own. The inhabitants take no care of them as they want to spend their time on more profitable occupations that fill the coffers of the greedy more quickly."

If we made a detailed historical analysis of Spanish American literature, we would find this feeling of the land's vitality in every authentic American work. The environment, expressed in the voluptuousness of its plants and fruits, appears without its natural violence in Andrés Bello's *Silva a la Agricultura de la Zona Tórrida* (*Ode to the Agriculture of the Torrid Zone*). It reaches its zenith in the work of the pre-romantic poet José María Heredia, whose poem about Niagara is the first penetrating interpretation of the colossal forces of nature in America:

*¿Qué voz humana describir podría
de la sirte rugiente
la aterradora faz? El alma mía
en vagos pensamientos se confunde,*



Chilean waterfall Pilmaiquén, typical of landscape's immensity; volcano in background has defied man's attempts to scale it

*al contemplar la férvida corriente
que en vano quiere la turbada vista
en su vuelo seguir al borde oscuro . . .*

... Ah, terribly they rage—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. . . .^{*}

From Heredia on, the earth's heavy throbbing can be heard in the pages of Spanish American literature. In Domingo Faustino Sarmiento's famous *Facundo, o Civilización y Barbarie* (*Facundo, or Civilization and Barbarism*, 1845) that throbbing became the force that shaped the character of men and civilization. Sarmiento, a product of romanticism and sociological positivism, sought the reasons for Argentine characteristics, culture,

and political forms (at that time embodied in the terrible Rosas dictatorship) in the great expense of the pampas, where man depends on his horse as a shipwrecked sailor clings to a piece of driftwood.

In every authentic Spanish American work the land assumes so much importance that it sometimes overshadows the human actors. This happens chiefly in the novel, which, by its very nature, generally presents human action against a specific geographic and social background. In fact, the Spanish American novel, especially in the last forty years, has vividly expressed the awesome strength of nature in all its forms, from the Andes to the pampas.

Luis Alberto Sánchez, an expert on Latin American literature and one of its keenest critics, has described this constant and oppressive presence of nature as at variance with the novel's true character. According to him, this is why Spanish America has no real novel. Defending the thesis in his book *América: Novela sin Novelistas* (*America: A Novel Without Novelists*, 1939), Sánchez wrote: "The landscape subordinates us; the wealth of our territory overwhelms us; we are suffocating in an atmosphere too rich in natural aromas and pristine breezes; we cannot look freely at the world without our vision being blurred by the shadows of pumas, condors, Indians, oppressed negroes—all still fantastic to us. We have not yet reached the historical stage, which follows the spontaneous stage of nature." Because of his thorough knowledge of contemporary European literature, Luis Alberto Sánchez is inclined to base his literary judgment on European standards, believing that man must always appear as the master of nature if a narrative is to achieve the rank of a novel: "When a man lives in the fulness of history, his yoke controls beings and things, vistas and dramas. No one can deny his power. No one can evade his authority. But it is not that way in this part of the world. We see Rivera standing before the Amazon jungle, and it is the jungle that dictates the romantic paragraphs of his narrative. Güiraldes allows himself to surrender to the influence of the pampas. Da Cunha succumbs to the forest, Icaza to the solitude of the arid tableland; all become vassals because they fail to make matter obey them."

The critic attributes the absence of the novel in Spanish America mainly to the fact that the material is not subordinated to the writer, that the writer allows his creative efforts to be hamstrung by the forcefulness of nature. On the contrary, the vital human and literary truth that gives beauty to the Spanish American novels (including those Luis Alberto Sánchez uses to deny the existence of the novel) lies precisely in this insubordination, this brutal violence of the land. It is the outstanding feature of J. Eustasio Rivera's *La Vorágine* (*The Vortex*, 1924), Rómulo Gallegos' *Doña Bárbara* (1929), and Güiraldes' *Don Segundo Sombra* (1926)—in short, of what the Chilean critic Torres-Rioseco calls "the novel of the land."

There is no literary subordination of man to the land, but rather an artistic subordination of the writer to the truth and beauty embodied in the land. This truth and

^{*}Translation attributed to W. C. Bryant from Francisco González del Valle's *Poesías de Heredia* traducidas a otros idiomas.



Seascape at Salaverry, Peru, where rocky slopes reach down to ocean

beauty are found by capturing the earthy rhythm of the exuberant tropical forests, of the colossal masses of the Andes, of the lonely expanses of the Argentine pampa and the Bolivian high plateau, terrifying in their very silence. Today the novel is one of the most flexible of literary forms. There are countless types, and one of the most respectable is that which tries to portray realistically the environment in which we live and the conflicts among men and between men and this environment. The land—in Europe, the domesticated land of the kitchen garden, the farm, the sheltering woods—has been converted in Spanish American literature into a cosmic deity that cruelly pursues man, destroying his work, resisting his will, sometimes breaking his spirit. This novel of the land, in which nature becomes an active force, a protagonist equal or superior to man, is a genuine novel if it also includes the aesthetic qualities that make a narrative an artistic work. Then it is both a novel and first-rate, for it portrays the gigantic, almost epic struggle between the small and limited power of man and the brutal and limitless power of nature.

In the novel of the land, which Torres-Rioseco calls the most important expression of twentieth-century Spanish American literature, the writer is free to study the character of the human beings who live on that land. What is more, the attitudes of the people are determined to a large degree by the environment they resist, a fact observed by some of the best European writers. Unamuno, for example, in his remarkable essay *En Torno al Casticismo* (*What is Genuinely Spanish*), tried to show how Spain was related to the Plain of Castile on which the Spanish nation was formed. And he traced Castilian mysticism to the physical characteristics of that province.

A series of Spanish American novels that have appeared in the past few years offer excellent proof that this type of novel does not preclude all psychological analysis. These novels of various countries, written from different approaches, have in common a portrayal of nature in all its vigor and a relating of physical environment in some way to the character of the protagonists. One of the best examples is *El Camino de El Dorado* (*The Road to El Dorado*, 1947), by Arturo Uslar Pietri, the well-known Venezuelan novelist. Uslar Pietri recounts the life of that fabulous figure of the Spanish Conquest, the tyrant Lope de Aguirre, and his rebellion against the King of Spain. In the chapters that tell of Pedro de Ursúa's expedition along the Marañón River (the upper Amazon in Peru) we can see the terrible effect of the Amazonian

region on the bodies and souls of men. We see it as one of the principal causes of the uprising, as if, indeed, Lope de Aguirre and those who followed him were rebelling more against the tropical forest that oppressed and humiliated them than against the royal authority. And yet Uslar Pietri's whole novel is a psychological study of Lope de Aguirre. It is almost a biography, which is a literary form far removed from the novel of the land. This same combination can be seen in *Humo hacia el Sur* (*Smoke to the South*, 1946) by Chile's Marta Brunet. Here too the psychological study of a series of personalities is not incompatible with the omnipresence of the forces of nature, symbolized in smoke. Another example is *El Río Distante* (*The Distant River*, 1945) by the Argentine Vicente Barbieri, in which the river, while located far from the action, is one of the most powerful forces.

There is an epic quality to this theme: the conflict between man and that cosmic deity that is the land. In the Greek epics men not only struggled against other heroes, but also against the gods, which originally represented a deification of the natural forces of the sky, the sea, and the earth. The New World's violent geography, so real to the farmer, the capitalist, the public official, the economist, also confronts the artist, who has grasped the essence of one of the great universal dramas and made it the center of his work.

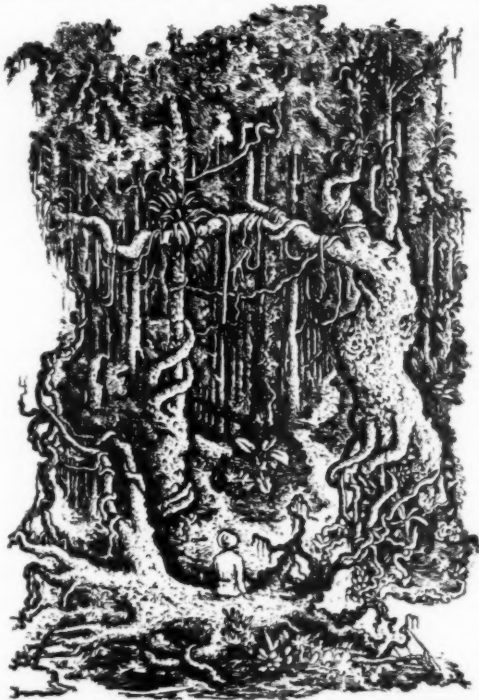


Illustration from *Canaima*, novel by Rómulo Gallegos, shows how jungle dominates man

ILL WINDS (Continued from page 9)

have shown great generosity in their response.

To cope with hurricanes, there must be an organized system for moving people in threatened areas to a place of safety. Relief organizations must be mobilized ahead of the storm so that there will be food and shelter for those left homeless. The injured must be given medical attention. Victims impoverished by the storm must receive public aid to make a new start.

Finally, people must know more about the nature of tropical cyclones, their destructive forces, the signs of their approach, and the precautionary measures to be taken well in advance, if government weather services and relief agencies are to succeed in keeping the loss of life at its present low level. Cooperating governments are constantly on the alert to report tropical storms. Good books and pamphlets on the nature and history of tropical storms have been published in both English and Spanish, and should be made available in public libraries and reading rooms. The more the citizen knows about hurricanes and what to do when they come, the less attention he will give to rumors and to the unsound advice of amateur weather forecasters.

In these days of radio, warnings and advices issued by government weather offices are dependable; no man should rely on his own conclusions from observations of the wind and sky unless he is completely cut off from government warnings. Constant vigilance and prompt action in the face of a storm emergency are essential if loss of life is to be avoided.

A hurricane is like a great fire which sweeps a part of a city. We know the causes but we are no more able to say in advance exactly when and where a great hurricane will develop than we can say when and where to expect the next great fire. The firemen stand by, the alarm boxes are ready, and men rush in to save life and protect property, even at great personal danger. So it is with hurricanes. Observers stay at their posts, sending their messages even as the storm strikes; seamen fighting to save their ships take time to send weather messages to help the other fellow; daring observers fly into the heart of the hurricane at great personal risk so that warnings can be more effective. Quietly but efficiently many agencies cooperate; other business is forgotten until the great storm has moved on and dissipated.

Ahead of every hurricane season, which runs from June to November, meetings are held to make plans. The experiences of the past season are reviewed; improvements are recommended. Weathermen visit ships in port and recruit additional marine observers to send weather messages every six hours while at sea in the hurricane belt. Shipmasters flying the flags of every maritime country in the world are aware of the need for reports in this region, and they send radio weather reports regularly when in our hurricane belt. Government weather observers are shifted to strengthen staffs in coastal towns. And as the season begins, communication channels are alerted between countries by radio, teletype, and cable. Often reports are exchanged on a routine basis every hour, day and night, and in no case less frequently



Storm in October 1926 blew wall off this Havana building



Radar, developed in World War II, helps detect storms, can see up to 150 miles into hurricane passing nearby

than once in six hours. Advices and warnings are added whenever there is anything suspicious in the hurricane belt.

There are hurricanes in the Bay of Bengal, Arabian Sea, Indian Ocean, and South Pacific, and storms of the same kind, known as typhoons, occur in the western North Pacific and the China Sea. Every few years, meteorologists from all over the world gather to study reporting and warning systems, plan the exchange of reports, and make recommendations. The earth has been subdivided into meteorological areas, with each maritime nation responsible for collecting information and issuing warnings in its assigned region. This is a peaceful organization with a long history of concerted action running back to 1878. And it is one activity in which no nation refuses to cooperate.



STAMPS

INTERNATIONAL MAIL

FEW PEOPLE who mail packages abroad realize their indebtedness to the Universal Postal Union for cutting red tape to a minimum. Before it was established, as mail passed from country to country, endless disagreements and delays were caused by different size and weight limitations and the need to prorate small charges in each national postal system.

Back in the nineteenth century Heinrich von Stephan, Director General of Posts for the North German Confederation, promoted the idea for the Postal Union and finally saw it materialize in 1874. With headquarters in Bern, Switzerland, the Union has a membership composed of all but a very few nations. Besides fixing international rates on ordinary mail, parcel post, air mail, special delivery, and registrations, it has set up a money-order system and performs countless other services to make the world's postal machinery run more smoothly.

To commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Postal Union's founding, Nicaragua issued a comprehensive series of special postage stamps late in 1950. Seven different pictorial designs are used to cover the complete series of seventy-two stamps. These are grouped under four headings: five for ordinary mail, seven for air mail, six for official air mail, and a group of eighteen souvenir sheets, each with four copies of every value of the three other groups. In all, the stamps embrace eighteen different denominations with a total face value of 77.50 córdobas (about \$15.50 U.S.).

Two portraits are used, each on several values. One is of Heinrich von Stephan, and the other of the Englishman Sir Rowland Hill, "inventor" of the postage stamp, whose system for using adhesive stamps to denote prepayment of postage was adopted by the British government in 1840. Three years later Brazil became the second nation to authorize the official use of postage stamps.

Two of the Postal Union's buildings, Congress Hall and the International Bureau, are depicted on several stamps of the Nicaraguan series. Both sides of the 1947 medals of the Postal Union are shown on other denominations, and the stone and bronze monument in Bern, Switzerland, dedicated to the postal services of all nations, is printed on others.

The series was engraved and printed by the commercial firm of De La Rue in London, England. All the stamps have black borders and central vignettes of varied single soft colors. Many other countries have issued special stamps to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the UPU, but few are as comprehensive as Nicaragua's.



SCHOOL DAYS

FROM HIS WINDOW, the well-known Mexican novelist J. Rubén Romero has a good view of modern Mexico in the making—there are three schools in the neighborhood. One morning he saw an old and beloved teacher from the public school down the street crossing the plaza, and to her he dedicates a loosely constructed essay—really a series of impressions—in the famed Costa Rican review *Repertorio Americano*. With the end of vacation, a crowd of children invaded the square: “The brand-new buses pass, filled with well-dressed children—the girls coquettish in their blue, white, or gray uniforms and carrying brand-new schoolbags for their brand-new books. They’re all in the procession, from the misses of fifteen down to my two-year-old granddaughters, who go to kindergarten and learn to play singing games and count in English in preparation for a Saxonized future. They are private-school pupils, picked up at their doors and taken to school in buses that look like twittering birdcages.” Besides these privileged youths, “tides of children flow to the official schools, which do not suffer the prejudices attached to them yesterday. The government does not have enough money to buy buses like the private schools, and parents send their children the best way they can. There ought to be a school in every block, so poor children would not have to cope with traffic difficulties. Many of them lack the basic necessities at home, and the generosity of some charitable people, headed by President Alemán’s wife, provides them with a breakfast that for most is their whole

day’s food—two sandwiches, an egg, a piece of fruit, bread. At present, ten thousand breakfasts are distributed, and the number will rise when the rich come through with regular contributions. Let them pretend they’re buying season tickets to the opera or the races. I do not mean this as a casual remark—it is a formal invitation to my compatriots and to the foreigners living in Mexico, whose businesses are so prosperous.”

Romero reminisces: “I never went to a paid school; perhaps that is why I have so much sympathy for the neighborhood schools. In my day, the rich went to ‘Mascarones’ or the Liceo Fournier; the poor went to government classes, not so numerous then as they are now; and we middle-class children filled schools like Señor Barona’s, which received a small subsidy from the archbishopric and was run by teachers so humble, regardless of their competence, that some of them received only forty pesos a month. . . .

“How different was the Barona school, located in a small house on Carmen Street, from the schools of today, a mass of gardens, gymnasiums, sliding boards, sun-filled classrooms, and radios! I sit at my window and watch the nuns in the girls’ school playing ball with their pupils, singing, and dancing, despite the handicap of their long black robes. This is modern teaching, applied to rich and poor alike. On another corner of the plaza there is a public school, without uniforms and modern-style nuns. I amuse myself by watching and envying the sixteen-year-old Don Juans who surround the girls of fifteen, and who in

place of a sword carry a textbook on political economy.”

Since his article appears in a section of the magazine aimed at teachers, Romero’s point is that those who serve education do more than “live without comforts, waiting to finish their required years of work and retire on a miserable pension.” Rebeca Cuéllar, for example, to whom the article is dedicated. She is one of those teachers who are “not content to teach poor children the alphabet. . . . What a committee of charitable ladies does now by serving breakfasts to needy children, Rebeca Cuéllar did with her own slender salary.” Now, after forty years’ service, she has a reward she considers adequate: “Her former students’ affection for her shows up where she least expects it. Many times when she gets on a streetcar, one of the passengers leaps to his feet and offers her a seat, because as a child he studied with her. Or perhaps the policeman at a street corner will stop traffic so that she can cross unharmed: ‘Pass, maestra. I am Martínez, your student. Do you remember me?’ And offering her his arm, he gallantly escorts her to the other side.”

THOUGHTS FROM THE BMT

ALL THE TIME the young Brazilian foreign-service officer Fernando Sabino was serving at the consulate in New York, he was jotting down his experiences and opinions for Rio newspapers. In 1950, his columns were collected into a book graphically entitled *A Cidade Vazia* (*The Empty City*). Whether just or unjust, based on evidence or prejudice, Sabino’s rea-

Un poco de humor...



El Músico, new monthly published by Mexican musicians' union, lightheartedly lampoons profession it represents. Besides union affairs, magazine deals with Mexican and foreign music and musicians, is edited by well-known musicologist Otto Mayer-Serra

sons for disliking the metropolis are emphatic enough. Typical are his impressions of New York's subways:

"At six in the evening, I get lost in the labyrinth of Grand Central Station. Soon I'm surrounded by the heavy rumble of subway trains coming and going in the depths, and am pushed around amid a confusion of legs, arms, and faces as if I had been dragged into the pit of hell itself. The crush is so great that dozens of bodies mass hesitantly in front of the only empty seat, which the hand of God had meant to be mine.

"I sit down. I run my eyes slowly and without concern over those who stand, with the hybrid air of shamelessness and politeness that expresses both the reassertion of one's rights and an apology for having been quick. A seat in the subway is a joy I have never known before, and now I see in the standing passengers a regimented community, jolting and swaying in unison, to which I no longer belong. Now I'm on the other side; it's only natural that I should seek the brotherhood of my seated companions, that long line of unknowns catalogued abstractly as 'passengers,' that endless chain of silent bodies intent on their stops, traveling in the bowels of the earth with their backs to the darkness. Who are they? Where do they come from? Where are they going? I turn politely to my neighbor on the right: 'Who are you?'

"Henry Miller said one reason he did not like the United States was that the faces of train passengers are insipid, stupid, conventional, suggesting no sense of life except what is lived between two stations; whereas in Paris, for instance, each passenger's expression—tranquil or silly, intelligent or

tortured—suggests an individual personality, heir to a tradition, owner of a past.

"The person to whom I mentally address my somewhat absurd question—for it is absurd to think that right now he could be anything more than just a passenger—is a good example: His face is entirely different from, yet exactly like, the others. His nose has an individual shape, the color of his hair stands out among the rest, there is even a different shape to his eyes, his glasses, his hat. But the expression he wears as he chews gum or reads the paper neutralizes any hint of inner personality.

"To begin with, there is no naturalness. Everybody seems circumspect and grave, as if performing a role—the role of passenger, which admits only conventional postures and attitudes. If you see a drunk nodding sleepily, ignoring the general sedateness, you must look at him with ostensible severity; if a child whines in its mother's lap, you are permitted a paternal look (and incidentally a smile). Such general principles, rigorously obeyed, are enforced only through glances; they escape police jurisdiction (obscene gestures, of which smoking is the worst, are punished by fine and imprisonment). They tacitly confirm the ethical code for passengers: do not talk; chew gum; do not cross your legs; read something.

"Conversation, which might be expected on longer rides despite the enervating sound of the train, is eliminated not for the comfort of other passengers or one's own; the truth is, the U.S. citizen carries this quality of underground passengers with him to the surface . . . because, on the train or off it, there is no way to talk,

nothing to talk about, nobody to talk with. Only to the barber or the shoeshine boy must one talk, if there's absolutely nothing to read. One's interest is confined in offices to work, in stores to business, in restaurants to food, in bars to drink. Only drunks and Latin Americans talk about unrelated subjects, and under general disapproval.

"Four strangers sharing a restaurant table should remain completely unknown to one another during lunch, and refrain from such courtesies as passing the salt or offering beer, for this might lead to talk of no immediate practical benefit. On the street one must never deviate from the way that takes him home, for if he should get lost he would have to ask information of a stranger, who might start a conversation that would solve no problem except that of human understanding. . . .

"At home, if the husband does not want to see his marriage end right there (instead of seven years later through a divorce) with his two children murdered in their sleep, himself shot through the forehead, and his crazed wife jumping out the window after her crime, he must keep silent behind his paper, while she listens to radio dramas until bedtime. Conversation would mean an argument about money, would be evidence against him in the future divorce, would be a waste of words.

"Let those who persist in talking join the specialized clubs; let women join the women's organizations; let them become professional conversationalists. A people who can professionalize even amateurishness would not find it difficult to turn conversation into a profitable career.

"But, as I recall, I was riding on a

subway. Does the lack of talk around me indicate an uncommunicative nature in a nation that has learned how to make friends as a prerequisite to influencing people—or such complete standardization of thought that there's nothing left to talk about? I shall leave the question in abeyance.

"I confess I can't find any good excuse for the universal habit of chewing gum. To say that they do it to keep from smoking, which is forbidden, would be acceptable only if when the trip was over they threw the gum away and lit a cigarette (they smoke with the gum in their mouths), and if smokers were the only ones who

chewed gum. I shall accept the pseudo-scientific explanation that because they are used to highly concentrated vitamins in the form of dehydrated food, juices, and pills, where there is little to chew, they compensate with gum. But I shall drop this unattractive subject—unattractive because it is unmannerly and gives the chewers a fishlike appearance—and pass over the rule of not crossing your legs—which I assume stems from the need of leaving more room for the standees—and finally, consider that great travel institution, reading.

"Those who have nothing to read should read the paper over their

neighbor's shoulder, and if the crowd is too great they should lift their eyes and read the chewing-gum ads on the train. To travel idly, without reading, is a waste of time, and nobody knows better than the U.S. citizen that time is money. (There was the Chinese who, told by a Yankee track champion that he had broken the speed record by ten seconds, asked: 'And what did you do in those ten seconds?') Besides, reading has the advantage of keeping the passenger up to date on the nation's current thought, for what he reads in New York is being read at the same time in all the large and small towns in the country. Syndicated articles, apart from reducing local news to a minimum and completely disregarding local preferences, have standardized readers' minds on a level that eliminates competition and makes them easier to persuade. Tacit cooperation between two once-competitive papers in maintaining the standardized taste of the reader causes them to abandon rivalry, forget about exclusives, and fall back on the neutral atmosphere of common headlines, comments, and even editorials. They become twins without being brothers (the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*; the *Daily News* and the *Daily Mirror*). And so the nation may rest assured that on short notice the public can be prepared, as one says of the army or navy, 'for any eventuality.'

"There is still a lot to be said about subway rides, among whose features the absence of landscape is the most tragic. But it is superfluous to attribute to the train . . . what are after all the characteristics of an entire civilization caught in the spell of technology, science, and progress, in which men live in a permanent subway ride knowing already what kind of death awaits them at the next stop."

THE MAN OF DISTINCTION

"HE WHO DOESN'T get his picture taken is lost," remarks a Cuban cynic named Eladio Secades. Writing in the Havana weekly *Bohemia* about the—as he sees it—universal passion for publicity, he describes it as a set of values in which "what matters is not the worth of a thing, only that the public believes in it."

Dim view of new year is taken by cartoonist Antonio Arias Bernal on cover of Mexican weekly Hoy. Forlorn world vainly pursues "peace," "tolerance," "equality," "fraternity"



He continues: "A woman who does charity work needs publicity as much as a preparation for the hair. . . . Our age has shown there's no difference between a government's claims to virtue and the text that gives you directions on how to use soap. One must do good—and find someone to proclaim it for him. . . . These publicity hounds don't start living until the photographer arrives. They dab their faces with a handkerchief. They straighten their tie. They tug their lapels affectedly. They start talking to the gentleman beside them, simulating the naturalness of the monkey in the zoo. A naïve friend of mine is astonished that her husband, who is so ill-tempered at home, in the newsreels wrinkles his coat embracing everybody in sight. . . .

"It used to be that publicity served only businessmen and artists. But now . . . the man who shelters the down-trodden gets the same billing as the

fellow who wins a national prize fight. People who wouldn't give a cent to a beggar on the street capitulate when a commission of distinguished women visits them. Thus they turn mercy into an investment and end up fabulously rich. Cuba can boast of its grandstanders—the stepchildren of any society, candidates for streets to be named after them. . . .

"Like step-brothers and grafted trees, publicity is truth mixed up with a lie. It bothers us when another fellow shows off, because we don't realize we're showing off ourselves. And it's good business, this advertising one's personal merits like canned preserves. For, by fooling the many who can do nothing, one gains the respect of the few who can do a great deal. This, a sort of candy-wrapping philosophy, explains how political leaders come to power. . . .

"Publicity has created a type of man

who didn't exist before, who is pictured everywhere—at the cemetery, at the airport, at the unveiling of a bust. He weeps with the relatives of the departed and laughs with the dancing girl. His face is as well known as a brand of underwear or the label on a beer bottle. He is one of those creatures who, when they pass, arouse the thought: 'I've seen this fellow somewhere.' Wherever a picture is being taken, he has to find an opening for his head—with its best smile. But they never mention him in the caption, because no one knows who he is. . . .

"Modern advertising has immortalized the politician without policy, the artist without art. We open the paper and are dazzled by the photos of radio actresses who neither sing, speak, nor dance. It is paradoxical: to be able to dress well, they have to undress. If some virtuous aunt is shocked, they tell her it isn't immodest. It's publicity."

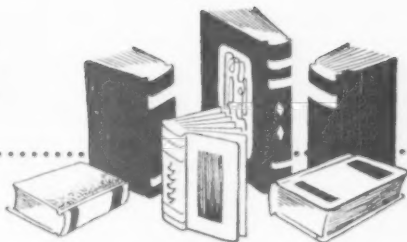


Handsomeness new magazine *Cultura e Alimentação*, published by Nutrition Section of the Brazilian Government's Social Welfare Bureau, deals with food in all its aspects—nutrition programs, regional and foreign dishes, dietary theory, and so on. A short article by Genolino Amado comments on how food has infiltrated Brazilian slang. For example, Caspar Milquetostars are known as "oranges," and the one in the illustration is accompanied by "grapes" or "chuchus" (a squash-like vegetable)—both flattering terms for pretty girls. Moreover, "if verses praise feminine charms too passionately, strict fathers will not let their daughters read them, judging them to be 'peppery.' . . . But, the young girls' virtue protected, these same fathers also complain about the poetry as 'honeyed' or 'sugary.' . . .



. . . Disastrous business deals are referred to as 'pineapples' (and profitable ones as 'roast beef'). . . . Anything easy is called 'chicken broth' or 'soup.' . . . Confusion of any kind is a 'salad' . . .

BOOKS



POET OF AN ERA

PEDRO HENRÍQUEZ UREÑA once said in a brilliant essay that in writing history it is "a noble desire but a grave error to attempt to remember all the heroes. The literary history of Spanish America," he added, "should be written around a few central names: Bello, Sarmiento, Montalvo, Darío, Rodó."

As the years pass and reputations become more firmly established, it is appropriate to add to his list. Thus history will gather names and form itself around them. We can also note that up to now the partial histories—of one country, one group or generation, one movement or school—are the ones that seem to make the most substantial contributions and give us the clearest explanations of the dominant attitudes of one or another era.

These are the thoughts that occur to me as I examine Augusto Iglesias' book, *Gabriela Mistral y el Modernismo en Chile*, and see how Gabriela Mistral serves as the center, or rather the central theme, for a careful interpretation—or "subjective criticism," in the author's words—of modernism in Chile. Following this program, Dr. Iglesias takes us back to the poet's early days in her valley of Elqui and to the beginnings of the modernist revolution, to show us how the great poets of the movement, whom he classifies into precursors, exponents, and masters, were to influence Chilean literature. Then he pictures the intellectually bohemian life of the following years in the capital and in the provinces, paying particular attention to the most important poets and, naturally, going into what we would call post-modernism and the *avant garde* schools. Vicente Huidobro, that great opener of doors and sweeper-away of cobwebs and dust from backward corners, worthy of every praise, stands out in this part. Then Iglesias studies the life and work of the 1945 Nobel Prize winner through her volumes, *Sonetos de la Muerte* (*Sonnets of Death*), *Desolación* (*Desolation*), *Ternura* (*Tenderness*), and *Tala*, ending the book with a brief anthology of Gabriela Mistral's poems. Well and good. Thus this volume is essential to an understanding of this great woman of Chile and of America, as well as to an evaluation of the importance that modernism and the poets of the movement had in her country. Here is a book that represents a great deal of preparatory work, of gathering documents and references, of information and criticism. It is certainly a most important work. But I question whether all that is said in it could not have been said in fewer words and with considerably less literature. The

author, a cultured man, a poet, and a member of the Chilean Academy of the Language, stretches himself out too much, repeats himself, and gets carried away with his erudition and personal acquaintance with his subjects. Sometimes this leads him to excesses, as in Chapter IX, "*Afinidades y Contrapunto*" ("Relationships and Counterpoint"). Here he refines—too much, it seems to me—the whole great subject of influences or imitation between poets—let us say "coincidences"—which in most cases merely represent the effect of breathing what Guillermo de Torre called "the air of the times."



Gabriela Mistral

These and certain other criticisms one could make of Iglesias' book, however, do not minimize its value. Given the tremendous importance of Gabriela Mistral in the panorama of Spanish-language literature, a work that tries to place her in relation to her time, her evolution, and her relations with her contemporaries, if honestly written, is bound to be of great value. And this book is these things. In our countries it is becoming ever more important to study our men of letters carefully, not in isolation like solitary trees, but as parts of a whole forest of leaves and roots that touch each other or interweave. This book follows such a concept—Gabriela Mistral and her times and her contemporaries. This is enough to make us grateful to Augusto Iglesias for the time, enthusiasm, and talent required to produce such a work as this.—Eugenio Florit

GABRIELA MISTRAL Y EL MODERNISMO EN CHILE, by Augusto Iglesias. Santiago, Chile, Editorial Universitaria, 1950. 452 p.

A HAITIAN TRAGEDY

IT MAY BE THAT THE PUBLISHERS of *The Pencil of God* have a best-seller on their hands. Although the reviewers (all complimentary thus far) have had a good deal to say about the authors, the Marcelin brothers, and their important part in Haiti's literary renaissance, the readers of the novel will not be much concerned with the fact that its publication by Houghton Mifflin is something of an event, here as well as in Haiti. Nor will they need to regard it, as the dust-jacket solemnly urges them to do, as a document about voodoo practices, despite the fact that in reading it they will be painlessly indoctrinated. If their experience with the book is what I predict it will be, they will simply be entertained and delighted by a story which seems on the surface to be as ingenuous as a folk tale but is actually a very subtly contrived piece of fiction. Unless they read critically they will not notice how inexorably the ropes are woven round and round the distraught hero until he is brought to the ground, helpless in this intricate net of sexual jealousy, gossip, and superstition. (*The Pencil of God* writes it all out for us and never erases a word.) Nor will readers be aware of the ease—there is no change of pace or of point of view—with which the authors take them from the broad farce of the opening chapters to the tragedy-comedy of the conclusion.

The trouble begins because Diogène was a husky mulatto of reddish-coppery hue, handsome with his tightly curled hair, sparkling glance, and sensual lips. If the "Almighty had granted him the time and opportunity, he would gladly have enjoyed Him in the persons of all the women of Saint-Marc and its vicinity." Still, his philanderings might have stirred up no more than the usual number of family rows and village rumors if it had not been his misfortune to get into his arms (by an excellent if time-honored trick) the as yet untouched Lourdes. For Lourdes' mother, victim of Diogène's excellent trick, naturally enough called in to assist her with the various problems which the seduction of Lourdes had thrust upon her, Commère Ti-Sia, an expert in voodoo and one to be relied on in a crisis of this sort. Thus the forces that eventually squeeze sanity and life itself out of

Diogène begin their tug of war. Diogène's wife has her mother to help her and Madame Océan relies on the righteous folk in the village and especially the curé of Saint-Marc, who burns to distinguish himself by his apostolic ardor. But the mighty struggle which ensues is by no means as simple as this synopsis may imply. The Church tries and fails. Voodoo is tried and fails. Where one leaves off, the other takes over. But nothing works, and Diogène is carried to his doom.

The inevitability of his end—the unerasable writing by "the pencil of God"—proceeds from the calamitous situation Diogène gets himself into. He thought when he seduced Lourdes that it was just *fornicatio simplex* (if he had known the phrase). Actually he plunged into a strange world where dreams, haunts, werewolves, spirits which possess, bargains with the dead, mystères, loas, priestly exorcisms, masses (duly paid for) are in conflict and conjunction.

By placing Diogène half way between the forces which Commère Ti-Sia and Father Laennec control, the brothers Marcelin provide themselves with a plot which grows in complexity page by page, and with characters each of whom supports the story and at the same time tells us something about a facet of Haitian life. Their novel, fascinating as it is because of its richness and freshness of detail, transcends its locale. Poor Diogène is any man who finds himself suddenly seized in the vise of a strange necessity. Struggle as he will, the screw only turns tighter. —Willard Thorp

THE PENCIL OF GOD, by Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin, translated by Leonard Thomas, with an introduction by Edmund Wilson. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1951. 204 p. \$2.50

SIX MEN ON A RAFT

NORWEGIAN THOR HEYERDAHL'S *Kon-Tiki*, already published in several languages and in its seventh English printing, once more raises a question that, in various forms, anthropologists have unsuccessfully tried to answer for years: what is the specific origin of any given culture? Sitting one evening some years ago by a smoldering campfire on the island of Fatu Hiva in the Marquesas, Heyerdahl heard an old man speak of the great Polynesian chief-god Tiki, son of the sun. "It was Tiki who brought my ancestors to these islands," said the patriarch. "Before that we lived in a big country beyond the sea," and he pointed east toward South America.

This set naturalist Heyerdahl to thinking. He knew that an unknown people had lived in Peru before the Incas, had established one of the world's strangest civilizations, and had suddenly vanished like smoke from the surface of the earth. However, they left enormous stone statues astonishingly similar to the monoliths on Easter Island, Pitcairn, and the Marquesas, and pyramids curiously like those on Tahiti and Samoa. Later Heyerdahl was to discover scattered all over the South Seas a Peruvian variety of sweet potato which the islanders call *kumara*, the same name the ancient Peruvian Indians had for it. In addition, he would find the bottle



Haitian novel takes title from local proverb that says: "The pencil of God has no eraser"



Raft Kon-Tiki under full sail in Humboldt Current off Peru

gourd, known to both Polynesians and Peruvian-influenced Central American Indians as *kini*.

What, then, was the connection? The Incas remembered their predecessors as tall men with white skins and long beards. The first Europeans coming to certain Pacific islands were amazed to find that some of the natives were almost white and were bearded. Heyerdahl did some extensive research in Peru. Reading the Inca legends of the sun-king, Viracocha, he discovered that the monarch's original name was Kon-Tiki and that he was the leader of the Incas' legendary "white men." Attacked by a chief from the Coquimbo Valley, they were practically massacred in a battle on an island in Lake Titicaca, but Kon-Tiki himself and some companions escaped, coming down to the Pacific coast and finally disappearing west out over the sea.

Heyerdahl then conceived the theory that Polynesia was settled from Peru by Kon-Tiki and his followers. Setting out to prove it, he found few believed him. First of all, it was known that there were no boats in those long-ago times. There were, however, balsa-wood rafts, but everyone said they were incapable of making so long and hazardous a voyage. Instead of discouraging Heyerdahl, this spurred him on. To prove his point he decided to build a raft according to the exact plans of the ancient Peruvians. Enlisting the aid of New York's influential Explorers Club, he started the ball rolling. Soon the Norwegian government became interested, then the U.S. War Department. If financing such an expedition

didn't prove anything else, it might serve certain scientific and military purposes of determining how man can survive under the most unlikely conditions. Heyerdahl selected five Norsemen for his crew. They flew to South America, cut their balsa logs in Ecuador, and floated them by river and sea routes to Callao where, with the aid of the Peruvian Ministry of Marine, they put the raft together, christening it "Kon-Tiki." Soon they were on their way, reaching Angatau in the Tuamotu Archipelago ninety-seven days later.

Whatever its merits, it is doubtful whether Heyerdahl's theory holds water. He admits he didn't prove it. Anthropologists have good evidence that the Pacific islands were peopled out of Asia, not South America. As with most deterministic theories, a case can be built for or against either hypothesis. In *The Building of Cultures*, Harvard University anthropology professor Roland B. Dixon points out that the two main theories of New World population derivation are mere illusions. The theory of culture strata, which holds that migration came from Asia across the Bering Strait to Alaska and southward to Tierra del Fuego, as well as the heliolithic theory, which claims Egypt as the source of all world culture, both fall apart upon close investigation. In the former, for example, coca-chewing, plank canoes, tie-dyeing (a method of dyeing fabric by means of cords), terraced irrigation, pan-pipes, and the blow gun are cited as all found in South America as well as widely in the Western Pacific and Southeast Asia. This appears significant; actually it isn't, since, according to Dixon, in only one place in South America does the distribution of any two of these traits (tie-dyeing and the pan-pipe) overlap. With only two out of six similarities occurring together in any area to which a culture may have hypothetically been brought, the cumulative force of the evidence is greatly reduced. In this way, cultural theories continually lose their validity.

The same might be said in Heyerdahl's case. For one thing, pyramid tombs found in Polynesia and Micronesia are apparently usually of local growth, since they are so individualized in character. And, for that matter, one may well wonder what was the origin of Kon-Tiki himself. How did he come to South America in the first place? Human culture can only be a multi-dimensional affair. It is the sum of all ethnic diffusion throughout the whole of human history. To pin it on a single facet is to fall far short of the truth.

Kon-Tiki's virtue lies in its tremendous emotional appeal in these troubled times. It may be one of the finest escapist books ever written, although it is no literary masterpiece. That six men could cut themselves adrift in one of the world's loneliest areas, undergo such thrilling experiences as Heyerdahl vividly records, and still be genial companions is extremely provocative. Really one of the great human adventures of the twentieth century, *Kon-Tiki* makes far easier and more original reading than one's daily newspaper.—Wallace B. Aliq

KON-TIKI, by Thor Heyerdahl. Chicago, Rand McNally & Company, 1950. 304 p. Illus. \$4.00

TWO SEATS AT THE MOVIES

UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOVIES have now attained an appropriate level of seriousness. The multiplication of "little" theaters for the cultured "minorities" that are actually becoming majorities; the increase in motion-picture clubs, film libraries, and public discussions; the movies' ostensible crisis under "mass production" standards—all these are signs that new vitality is replacing the premature senility that was destroying the industry. So it is only natural that serious works on the seventh art are becoming plentiful, while the superficial interpretations that misguided the layman are disappearing.

Mexico's Fondo de Cultura Económica has done well in adding a title on motion pictures to its *Breviarios* collection, and this little book, *El Cine, su Historia y su Técnica*, will prove very useful to a deserving public as a good vehicle for penetrating the world behind the screen.

The author, the French critic Georges Sadoul, gives the movie fan a brief retrospective view of the cinema of the last fifty years and at the same time introduces him to the fundamentals of movie technique. The first forty pages are historical, and Sadoul has had to step lively to show us in such a short space everything important the films gave us from the days of the pioneer Méliès down to Orson Welles.

This outline is not without quality, however. It depicts the development of the movies through important creators and works. With this foundation one can later turn with understanding to a more detailed treatise. This little book of synthesis will show the reader the author's preferences and antipathies and will, particularly, immediately indicate the direction of his political thinking.

Still, slanted as it is, this summary clarifies certain economic aspects that have made the films an industry, rather than an art, and relates them to the political environment in which that industry has developed. His chapters on production and the movie trade are essential to an understanding of the economics of the cinema.

For those who are not acquainted with how a picture is made, the chapters on technique, especially those on the script, the camera, montage, sound, and directing,

will open new perspectives. The twenty-five figures accompanying the text help us to understand it, but the reproductions from films are not all relevant.

The bilingual reader can profitably follow up this breviary with the new edition of *The Film Till Now*, by Paul Rotha and Richard Griffith. Since 1930 this voluminous and handsome work has been recognized as a basic reference and one of the most complete accounts of motion-picture development. The principal author, British film maker Paul Rotha, is well known as a director of documentary films. This gives him unquestionable authority on the technical points he mentions, though we may not always share his aesthetic judgments. The new edition faithfully preserves the original text. Instead of making changes, the author brings it up to date by adding a penetrating, critical preface that is an essay of permanent value on the world film situation today.



His lengthy analysis of the crisis in the industry and the possible solutions he suggests deserve publicity in other languages. In assaying responsibility, he puts considerable blame on what Hollywood has done and asks: "What constructive contribution, precisely, has Hollywood made to the conception of the United Nations since the end of the war?"

Perhaps the author could be criticized for putting so much emphasis on his own specialized field, the documentary. But we should not overlook his views on the various aspects of films in general. Good examples are his keen judgments of German and Soviet films and his extensive study of the U.S. product. Then there are his balanced consideration of the work of Cecil B. de Mille; his penetrating analysis of Emil Jannings' career, extending from the studios of Europe to those of California; his evaluation of Chaplin's contributions, and so on. These and other aspects are discussed in the first part, "The Actual," devoted to the various trends that have prevailed in the movies since their beginning. The second part, "The Theoretical," deals with scenario organization and methods of dramatic expression. The author gives good concrete examples of the points he makes.

Richard Griffith contributes a new third part to carry the story up to 1948 from 1929, where Rotha's chronology



Scene from epoch-making German film, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Illustration from *The Film Till Now*

left off. His section, "The Film Since Then," thus begins at the moment when sound was boldly taking its place in films, giving them a new dimension and carrying them to the level of technical perfection they now enjoy. Following Rotha's geographical pattern along the same political, economic, and social lines, Griffith clarifies certain phenomena which can be seen clearly only under such examination. His sharp delineation of the gangster film as a product of the economic crisis of 1929 is an example that needs no comment.

For his original study, Rotha could deal only with the countries that completely dominated the cinema during its first thirty years: Germany, the United States, France, the Soviet Union, England, and to some extent, Italy and Sweden. Griffith, continuing the same line of study, finds a film world with much wider frontiers.

This is where his effort partly fails. His consideration of the cinema in Latin America down to 1943 makes us doubt his judgment on the production of other countries whose films are even less well known. Since Griffith lives in New York and has worked at the Museum of Modern Art film library, he must have had access to the productions coming from Mexico and Argentina that are shown in theaters catering to the Spanish-speaking population of that city.

Referring to Mexican films, Griffith remarks that "they are not in any way outstanding except for occasional good camera work." Summing up more than fifteen years of activity in the Argentine industry in a few lines, he says: "The Argentine films, such as have been shown, do not call for comment." Griffith thus sweeps away with a stroke of the pen this stage, incipient if you like, of a cinema that is already finding a place for itself in Europe and is statistically important in the world production of feature-length films.

Throughout his study, Griffith mentions photographers of various nationalities, but he overlooks Gabriel Figueroa. Yet Mexico's "good camera work" must surely have included work by this man, who has been recognized in Europe as outstanding for more than a decade. It seems Griffith has never heard of films of the quality of *The Pearl*, or *Enamorada*, or *La Malquerida*—all exhibited in New York. It is likewise unpardonable to ignore the existence of directors like Luis Saslavsky, Manuel Romero, Alberto de Zavalia, and others in Argentina who have produced good pictures.

Both Mexican and Argentine films draw audiences of tens of millions in no less than twenty-five countries. From the social and economic viewpoint adopted in this book, these figures alone should justify a study—which would be very interesting—of the directions the cinema has taken in our own Hemisphere.

Four appendices add still more material to these six hundred pages of compact text. The first lists the production units of a good number of films, giving the date, nationality, technical personnel, and actors in each. The second is a glossary of terms used in the industry. A partial bibliography follows, plus extracts from the program for a memorial performance of the work of the German director Carl Meyer. Finally, there is a useful

index. The illustrations are clear and precise, interspersed between the pages at appropriate points in the text.—*José Gómez Sicre*

EL CINE: SU HISTORIA Y SU TÉCNICA, by Georges Sadoul (translated from the French by Juan José Arreola). Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1950. 279 p. Illus.

THE FILM TILL NOW: A SURVEY OF WORLD CINEMA, by Paul Rotha, with an additional section by Richard Griffith. New York, Funk and Wagnalls, 1949. 755 p. Illus. \$12.00



Drawing by Argentine artist Laerte Baldini

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Equator
2. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
3. Yma Sumac
4. Tuna
5. St. Martin
6. Chile
7. Manuel Belgrano
8. Maya
9. Macuto
10. Bogotá

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras (left) welcomes Dr. Aiceu Amoroso Lima of Rio de Janeiro, new head of the Pan American Union's Department of Cultural Affairs



Dr. Antonio Goubaud Carrera (center), Ambassador of Guatemala to the United States and OAS, in his place as chairman of the International Labor Office's Committee of Experts on Indigenous Labor at a meeting in La Paz, Bolivia, January 16-17; at left is committee secretary Enrique Lozada and at right, assistant secretary David Efron



Left: Dr. Lleras (second from right) becomes honorary member of the International House Association; congratulating him are (left to right) Bernard Scholz, chairman of Washington chapter; Meyer Kestnbaum, president of the Chicago Council of World Affairs; and Herrick Young, organization president



Philosopher Anibal Sánchez Reulet of PAU with Prof. Francisco Ayala, Argentine writer and social scientist now teaching at the University of Puerto Rico, who spoke on the writer in the modern world at recent Ateneo Americano meeting in Washington



Dr. Lleras receives \$250,000 check from U.S. Ambassador to the OAS Albert F. Nuffer (right) on January 19, 1951, as part of one million dollars the United States has pledged toward the technical-cooperation program



Above: Donato Román Heitmann and his wife Lucía present concert of Chilean songs and Sr. Román's own compositions sponsored by Chile's Ambassador and Señora de Nieto del Rio at the PAU

HAVANA, CAMBRIDGE, AND RETURN

(Continued from page 5)

Recently in Havana I had the opportunity of talking with one of the original members of that group, Señorita Consuelo Díaz, who warmly praised the contribution their studies at Harvard made to the establishment of the Cuban primary schools. Another of the Harvard visitors, the historian Dr. Ramiro Guerra, confirmed her judgment.

Cuban education has come a long way in fifty years, but there is little doubt that in those hectic days Alexis Frye's enthusiasm and Harvard University's generous cooperation made an enormous contribution. So the Cuban government's invitation to the group of U.S. teachers was particularly appropriate fifty years later, though the purpose of the earlier voyage was quite different. The Cuban Ministry of Education appointed a special committee to arrange the details, with Dr. Levi Marrero, professor of geography and general superintendent of secondary schools, taking charge and Dr. Jacob Canter, cultural attaché of the U.S. Embassy, helping out. The U.S. Office of Education served as intermediary between the Cuban Government and the state educational authorities. Each state chose a teacher to represent it, as did Hawaii, Alaska, and the Canal Zone. In addition, the American Vocational Association, the National Education Association, the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese, the American Federation of Teachers, and the American Teachers' Association each sent delegates.

The details involved in getting everybody to Miami, the starting point, were handled by the U.S. Office of Education in Washington, which sent Dr. Paul Smith down to brief them on the 1900 visit and see them off. Thanks to these efforts, most of the voyagers were on hand in time for the first meeting on December 17, when they were greeted by a group of Cuban officials—Dr. Marrero, Dr. Manuel Angulo, Dr. Eduardo Lens, and Ernesto Ardura (representing *El Mundo*). For nearly all, as the indefatigable Jacob Canter pointed out, this trip was to be their introduction to Latin America; for many, it was the first time they had gone as far as the U.S. east coast. Hence despite their patience in following instructions, a certain nervous eagerness to get under way was evident, as with a teen-ager preparing for her first date.

At seven Monday morning, the eighteenth, the voyagers set sail aboard the Cuban naval frigate *Antonio Maceo*. This time the crew seemed eager to help the passengers—Captain Augusto Juarrero Erdman explained the course being followed on his chart and the navigator, Lieutenant Ocampo, announced the precise moment of crossing the Tropic of Cancer. Then the group scattered, some visiting the captain's quarters, others resting, while the most curious remained on deck so as not to miss anything. It was the first ocean-going experience for some of the women, but one, Beulah Little of Louisiana, was an old hand at traveling. Serving with the U.S. Red Cross during World War II, she had seen both Europe and Asia.

Two typically Cuban meals were served, with tea at five, and friendships quickly formed between the Cubans

and the teachers. Language was no difficulty, since some of the Cuban ladies who had come as hostesses knew English. There were questions and more questions about Cuba.

The ship made about fifteen knots. By sundown some of the women were feeling the effects of rough seas, but two doctors were on hand for any emergency. Shortly after midnight, the Havana shoreline hove in sight.

As we touched the wharf at 1:15 A.M., a reception committee that had been waiting patiently since eight o'clock set off rockets and fireworks. Cuban and American flags were everywhere. The teachers were amazed—one had expected such a reception at that hour. Education Minister Dr. Aureliano Sánchez Arango and members of his department came aboard for the official welcome. Then the travelers filed ashore to the accompaniment of a band playing the Cuban and U.S. national anthems, and



Teachers leave Modelo brewery administration building near Havana where luncheon banquet was held

the crowd at the dock exit broke into a thunderous ovation that still echoed as the new arrivals dispersed to their lodgings. People pressed close around the buses, almost keeping them from leaving.

In the first twenty-four hours the visitors got a terrific dose of Cuba's exuberant hospitality. By nine o'clock that morning everyone had gathered in the vast auditorium of the University of Havana, to hear Jorge Mañach lecture in English on the life and work of Cuba's independence hero José Martí. After a banquet in the university stadium, a reception was given in the Río Cristal restaurant by the Federation of Doctors of Philosophy and Letters.

From then on until they returned to Miami, the Cubans allowed them no more rest than five or six hours' sleep a night. The constant activity made some of the teachers ill, but others continued undismayed, "tired but happy." Everywhere they could see that their welcome was more than official formality. Miss Edna E. Babcock of Washington State remarked: "We don't get through enjoying one dinner or lecture before we have the next one, as good or better."

(Continued on next page)

One chilly morning the children at the school in Tallapiedra, one of the poorest sections of Havana, provided a moving note. The youngsters stood at the entrance ready to raise the Cuban and U.S. flags when the North Americans arrived. Though it was getting colder by the minute, the children stuck it out to greet the busload of visitors with boisterous enthusiasm. Solemnly they hoisted the two flags, and a chorus of boys and girls, white and negro, sang the national anthems. Inside, protected from the harsh morning air, the school staff joined hands and proudly sang Christmas carols in English, which they had memorized phonetically. A negro teacher, Dr. Sergio Montalvo, welcomed the visitors in near-perfect English. Dr. Ramiro Guerra, one of the founders of the Cuban public-school system and a distinguished historian, pointed out that "the Cuban schools have always been free of any religious, economic, or racial discrimination."

At the National Theater the North Americans met surviving members of the founding group of Cuban teachers, who received gold medals in honor of their half-century of service to education. Dr. Phillip J. Roulon of Harvard's graduate school of education said, "Both you and we should be pleased and proud of the progress the schools have made under the Republic. You have been able to establish and maintain a democratic society. Cuba's educational progress is due to the work of the Cuban people."

At the *Sociedad Económica de Amigos del País*, a scientific and cultural society, the distinguished Cuban cipher expert Fernando Ortiz sketched the development of the sciences in Cuba and the history of the Society's efforts toward freedom of scientific investigation. He charmingly made a date with everyone present for the year 2000, to celebrate the centenary of the Cuban teachers' trip to Cambridge. Dr. Herminio Portell Vilá, speaking at the Cuban-American Cultural Institute, traced the history of relations between the island and what is now the United States, which go back to Indian voyages in pre-Columbian days.

It was Christmas Eve before a two-day session at the Rosalia Abreu Industrial School for Women ended, but no one thought of walking out. Here was a rare opportunity for North American and Cuban teachers to exchange views on each other's educational systems. The visitors heard Dr. Felipe Donate, Cuba's director of primary education, describe Cuban teachers' long battle for new schools and decent salaries. Dr. Diego González, a professor at the University of Havana's school of education, explained to them the secondary-school set-up.

The meeting also provided a discussion of means for stimulating democratic education throughout the Americas. Out of all the ideas a resolution took shape, which was signed by representatives of the two countries. The resolution proclaims the need for maintaining an exchange of educators, not only on the top levels, but also among rural and public-school teachers. A free and democratic society, it declares, rests first of all on information and mutual understanding.

The work of those fifteen days, difficult to plan, the

first program of its kind for Cuba, undeniably successful, lived up to all the expectations of both organizers and visitors. One interesting sidelight was pointed up by Mrs. Almeda Stickney, an Alabama negro representing the American Teachers' Association, when she said: "My best friends have been the delegates of Georgia and Alabama." On the eve of the teachers' return home, Ernesto Ardura wrote: "They leave behind warm friendships and take with them feelings of fraternity and sympathy toward our people." And he was right.

But the final results of this excursion are yet to come.

MUSIC BY CHAVEZ

(Continued from page 12)

but not long. Afterward several hours were spent walking about the new galleries in the Palace of Fine Arts trailed by assistants, turnkeys, elevator men, carpenters, and secretaries, making certain that his plans were being properly carried through. The big Diego Rivera retrospective exhibition was about to be hung, and Chávez had an eye for each detail of its presentation. Next more paper work. Then a series of brief interviews with his lieutenants in such fields as the theater, sculpture, school music, and the Institute of Fine Arts and Literature's excellent publication *México en el Arte*. After supper at home he spent the evening discussing with David Alfaro Siqueiros current problems of a semi-public art school in the provinces.

In everyday human relations, where professional duties are not at stake—with his keenly intelligent mother (now dead), his quiet and very charming wife Otilia, and the three children, Anita, Juanita, and Agustín—Chávez reveals the winning personal warmth so typical of Latin American family life. Señora de Chávez and the children have allowed in every way for the fact that Carlos Chávez is a composer, conductor, government

Chávez is director of Institute of Fine Arts with headquarters in dazzling Palace of Fine Arts on Mexico City's Avenida Juárez





Celebrities relax. The late famed painter José Clemente Orozco (left) chats with maestro Carlos Chávez

official, and international figure. In his home studio, his privacy is inviolable. But at meals or simply talking with guests and friends, he is anything but a martinet. I have seen him sit back, silent but smiling, nodding his head in agreement or shaking it in half-convinced astonishment while so volcanic a spellbinder as Rivera or Siqueiros held every eye and ear.

In 1949 Chávez returned from a long visit to Europe, which he had not seen since the early 'twenties. His family drove from Mexico City to New York to meet him, giving me and another friend of his a long-awaited opportunity to invite them to a New York "dinner at home." I remember well that delightful Sunday. We discussed all manner of trivia, listened to both serious and popular music on the phonograph, contrasted Mexican and New York manners, and weighed the virtues of apple juice, a novelty to our Mexican visitors.

Chávez was excited over plans for the future, which, at fifty, he found as full of activity and promise as when I first met him. Though he has given up the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, he will occasionally accept offers to appear as guest conductor with orchestras in Europe and the United States. But mostly he expects to compose and play the piano. Perhaps he will write a successor to his only published book, *Toward a New Music*, issued in New York in 1937. Now, as always, he regards composition as the most important and rewarding of his multifarious vocations.

A book, I asked Chávez, on the symphonies of Beethoven and their interpretation? Perhaps—in two or three years. A book, perhaps, on Mexican music from the Conquest (and before) up to a young composer of today like Blas Galindo? Perhaps, but less likely. What Chávez wants most is to compose, and I have never known him to fail in getting what he wants most. He has a spacious, sun-flooded studio in his house high on the Lomas de Chapultepec overlooking Mexico City and much of the Valley of Mexico. He has a house in Acapulco, where the climate and the Pacific somehow combine to help his work. In those two places he will compose. He is completing a concerto for violin and orchestra—a commissioned work—and he bulges with ideas for many other compositions, large and small.

Though he has already written such distinguished music as the *Sinfonía de Antígona*, the *Sinfonía India*, *H. P.*, *La Hija de Cólquide*, the Concerto for Four Horns and Orchestra, a piano concerto, and a large group of vocal, choral, orchestral, and instrumental pieces, Carlos Chávez seems at the near edge of full maturity as a creator. Given the proper ambience and circumstances—and I surmise from experience that he will produce them both—he may rightly be expected to enrich the modern repertoire with the best of his highly individual music.

It would have been easy for Chávez, an erudite and practiced craftsman, to win widespread popularity as a composer. He could have strung together Mexican or pseudo-Mexican folk or popular melodies in "rhapsodies"



Time out. After exhausting bout on podium, Chávez, without letting up, heatedly talks it over with fascinated musicians

in the manner of Liszt or Enesco, exploiting the exotic quality of Indian and mestizo music. The results would have been popular in the broadest sense: he has shown in his *Obertura Republicana* and *Sinfonía India* that he is capable of it. But this sort of arranging—stitching together musical materials already in existence—is not Chávez' idea of a composer's work—except for special occasions. To be sure, the music of the Mexican people, of many Mexican peoples, is nearly always inherent in his work. It is present as French music is present in Ravel or Milhaud, Russian in Prokofiev, American in Copland.

Of the numerous avatars of Carlos Chávez, the most interesting to me has always been Chávez the composer. He is determined to compose music at once Mexican, contemporary, and wholly his own. Because it is Mexican music, it is full of complex rhythms; because it is entirely contemporary, it is webbed with dissonant counterpoint; because it is his own, it is intelligent and austere, entirely uncompromising, and not notably sensual. Rarely is this music overpoweringly popular at first acquaintance. Inclined to be gnomic, it unfolds its

structure and meanings only to careful attention and repeated hearings. In human terms it might be described as shy and reserved, and its significance clarifies gradually. Only by cooperating with it can the listener grasp its quality. But it is rich in musical emotion and strong enough to provide enduring satisfactions.

There is not space here to discuss Carlos Chávez' accomplishments as a music educator, as a creator of audiences, as the man who has instigated the publication of scholarly books on many musical subjects, the man who, through wisely delegated power, has influenced the theater, the dance, literature, painting, and sculpture of his country. And a whole article could be devoted to his tours with the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico. Visiting nineteen Mexican cities and towns and El Paso, Texas, the orchestra brought to tens of thousands their first contact with symphonic music. Of the Mexican places visited on these tours, only three have more than 135,000 people—and five have less than 25,000. Audiences everywhere, neither played down to nor assaulted with music beloved only by the initiated, responded magnificently.

Clearly, Carlos Chávez belongs with the outstanding figures of Mexico's post-Revolutionary renaissance, with José Clemente Orozco, David Alfaro Siqueiros, and Diego Rivera, among the painters; Alfonso Reyes, José Vasconcelos, Moisés Sáenz, and Antonio Caso among the educator-writers—Mexicans all, but in a sense universal. Some of these artists and writers are better known than others to the outside world. But all have influenced their own time, if only by making Mexico and its mental climate somehow different than it would have been without them. The courage and the rocklike integrity that prevent Chávez from diluting either his gifts or his labors make it certain that, his native talents being what they are, the very best of what he has to give is still to be created.

QUEEN OF THE COAST

(Continued from page 20)

and the man will have to renounce his sylvan idyll or leave the palm grove, conquered by the normal life of the fields.

Whether conqueror or scorned, the palm tree has the enigmatic eternity of a symbol. Not even the birds touch her, for they cannot build their nests on the rough edges of her crown nor perch to rest on her vibrating fans. And the coconuts, jealously covered with a woody shell, resist the voracity of thrushes and jays. Once the fruit has fallen to the leaf-covered ground, only the sharp little teeth of mice can pierce them and eat the treasured snow-white pulp.

There is even more to the halo of mystery that surrounds the palm tree, for, before a storm strikes the hills, its sensitive parchment-like leaves will sound the warning in slight, clear shimmering. And if the chopper does not do his work just right, the falling trunk will rush down the slope like a gigantic roller or a block of the hill torn loose, and huts, trees, animals, and men are gathered up in the sacrificed palm's devastating avalanche.

FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

RECOMMENDED by Pru Devon, Producer-Commentator, "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York; and Evans Clark, whose well-known record library supplies most of the music.

1. ALIRON, TIRA DEL CORDON

Discos Allegro 15

Gracefully sung by Virginia Dalmir of Costa Rica, this delightful series of six well-known Latin American children's songs is perfect for teachers wishing to present appropriate juvenile material to their classes. It makes completely captivating listening, is sung with distinction and charm to the authentic accompaniment of two guitars. The songs recorded are: *Alirón*, *Pajarillo Barranqueño*, *El Durazno*, *Ay Zamba*, and *Doña Ana no está aquí*.

2. LA MALAGUEÑA Son Huasteco

Victor 23-0712

In this remarkably beautiful recording of two classic Mexican songs, the Calaveras Trio, one of the finest Mexican groups, reaches new heights of excellence and sensitivity. It should be borne in mind that this is not the rather hackneyed *Cielito Lindo*, but the older, more harmonious version. The typical falsetto singing of the Mexican is elegantly demonstrated in *La Malagueña* (*The Girl from Malaga*).

3. JUAN CHARRASQUEADO

Mexican Corridos

Victor 23-0710

Los Mochitecas and the Mariachi San Pedro Tlaquepaque of Gilberto Parra are responsible for this lively, attractive rendition of these songs immortalizing the well-known Juan and his equally glamorous son. Juan, as you may recall, was the gay desperado who made love to all the women and girls and was finally shot by an understandably jealous *charro*. Both *corridos* are sung with exuberance and skill by this authentic group from the region around Guadalajara, Mexico.

4. MEU LIMÃO, MEU LIMOEIRO Brazilian Cáo

Victor 26-9018

It would be hard to find another recording of these two lovely old Brazilian songs that could measure up to the exacting standard set by this one. As the brilliant interpreter Olga Coelho again proves, she is not only a singer of unusual quality but a highly skilled and sensitive guitarist. The song of the lemon tree is presented in a vivid arrangement, modulating chromatically higher and higher—apparently not taxing the soprano's voice in the least—and reaching a peak in a cascade of superb guitar pyrotechnics. Both songs are known and loved all over Brazil and rank among the world's best folk songs.

5. TRIBAL, FOLK, AND CAFE MUSIC OF WEST AFRICA

Field Recordings Volumes I, II, III

At first glance one might think these distinguished albums, recorded on the spot in Africa by Arthur S. Alberts, a far cry from the subject of this column. Actually, however, the rhythmic link between Africa and much of Latin America is strong. The selections cover a broad range, from primitive drum rhythms, chant, and ritual song to the humorous, sly café songs of Gold Coast cities. You will find a very obvious connection between some of the pieces and the Calypso songs of Trinidad, and between certain African and Cuban or Brazilian dances. Incidentally, the booklet and photographs that come with the albums are most informative and competently handled. Available by subscription from Field Recordings, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

6. MI GALLO PINTO Tamborera Panameña

Ansonia 8041

The *Universitarios* group, accompanied by electric organ and rhythm instruments, is rapidly becoming very popular. This disc is a good example of their style. Fortunately, the organ is used unobtrusively, affording a modest but warm background. The *tamborera* is gay and catchy, a dance rhythm that might well follow today's mambo craze.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 41



1. Monument some sixteen miles north of Quito, Ecuador, marks latitudinal crossing of Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricorn, or equator?

2. Lisbon's Avenida da Liberdade with its mosaic sidewalks and baroque architecture bears startling resemblance to which South American capital city?



3. Pictured here is beautiful young Peruvian singing sensation noted for unique voice range of four octaves, which allows her quick change from deep tones to soaring coloratura. What is her name?

4. "Bluenose" fishermen silhouetted in rigging against cold sky are familiar sight off Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, Canada. Are they after cod, tuna, or whales?

5. Besides Hispaniola, which is composed of Haiti and Dominican Republic, one other Hemisphere island is shared by two nations, France and Holland. Circled here, is it St. Martin, St. Croix or St. Vincent?

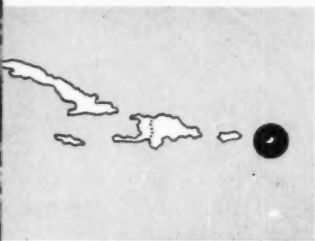
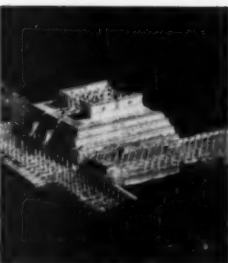
6. Wine cellar in _____, a South American country that, along with Argentina, is noted for its fine wines and champagne. Fill in the blank.

7. Designer of Argentine national flag, which was flown for first time on February 27, 1812, is pictured here. Is he José de San Martín, Simón Bolívar, or Manuel Belgrano?

8. Temple of Warriors, sometimes called Temple of a Thousand Columns, is one of many ancient ruins at Chichén Itzá, in Yucatán, Mexico. Was the lost civilization Aztec, Maya, or Carib?

9. Seaside resort near Caracas, Venezuela, is being spruced up as influx of tourists heightens its popularity. Is it Viña del Mar, Macuto, or Acapulco?

10. Classic example of rich South American colonial residence is house of the Marqueses de San Jorge, built in eighteenth century in Colombian city of Bogotá, Asunción, or La Paz?



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH

Dear Sirs:

You are to be commended for publishing Afrânio Coutinho's frank appraisal of the book-market situation in Brazil. . . .

As a Brazilian I can safely say that we too often tend to export . . . as idealistic and rosy a picture of our country as we possibly can portray. It is refreshing to see that Afrânio Coutinho did not bow to this tendency. He wrote for AMERICAS with the same forthrightness with which he would have submitted a literary column to the *Correio da Manhã*, *Estado de São Paulo* or *Revista do Globo*. He examined the problem honestly and spanked where it hurt.

Your recognition of Brazil in AMERICAS is most gratifying and stimulating to a student away from home.

William Schisler, Filho
New Haven, Conn.

NEW ARGENTINE PRIZE

Dear Sirs:

I am happy to announce establishment of a new award of ten thousand Argentine pesos (equivalent to about \$556 U.S.), to be presented every two years, along with a gold medal, to the journalist, writer, or scientist who by distinguishing himself in his profession contributes to the public welfare and brings honor to the country. Both Argentines and foreigners living in Argentina are eligible. The prize is being offered by Sr. Vicente Vaccaro in memory of his brother, the late Severo Vaccaro, who before his death hoped for establishment of such an award in recognition of outstanding intellectual achievements.

The Severo Vaccaro Foundation, a private organization, was recently formed to honor the wish. It has appointed a board of judges, headed by the eminent Argentine scientist Bernardo Houssay, to select the winners, and the award will be presented in a public ceremony on Journalist's Day. Won't you pass this information on to your readers?

M. Greco Vaccaro
Severo Vaccaro Foundation
Buenos Aires, Argentina

THE LION'S PROFILE

Dear Sirs:

Just a note to thank you and Carlos Reyes for the excellent article by him on "The Lion of Tarapacá" in the current [December 1950] issue of AMERICAS. I say thank you because it was a real treat to find this story, and I am sure that all who knew Don Arturo enjoyed it equally as much as I.

Vaughn M. Bryant
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I was particularly impressed with the article by Carlos Reyes. I hope you will have more articles by him in your splendid publication.

John C. Metcalfe
Washington, D. C.

MEXICAN ART CENTER

Dear Sirs:

I believe the readers of AMERICAS would be interested to learn that the Escuela de Bellas Artes at San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico opened its winter season on January 2 under the Government auspices of the National Institute of Fine Arts.

I went to San Miguel for two summers and think that anyone who has not "discovered" it should. The beautiful old colonial town is a perfect place for an art school. Only thirty miles away is the country's leading ceramics center, Dolores Hidalgo, where Mexico's independence revolution began. The old silver mining town of Guanajuato, and the Tarascan Indian region around Lake Pátzcuaro are among the most fascinating places in the country and are easily reached from San Miguel (see photo opposite).

Courses are taught in English by both Mexican and U.S. teachers. There are classes in the Spanish language, and practi-

cally all the art there is: figure, mural, and landscape painting, sculpture and woodcarving, weaving, textile design, photography, lithography, and silversmithing.

The only entrance requirement is absolutely essential—one must be an ardent devotee of arts and crafts. All ages are welcome, living costs are low, and members of the same family can study for one \$35-a-month tuition fee. But whether beginners or accomplished craftsmen, summer students must make reservations early or risk being left out.

Susan Sweetser
Washington, D. C.

PANAMA'S "HOLY GHOST"

Dear Sirs:

. . . I enjoy AMERICAS very much, and being a foreign student in the United States I get great pleasure from reading about my homeland and those of my neighbors. But I was a little bit disappointed with the article on orchids (English, July 1950). You did not print a picture of the most beautiful orchid of all, "*La Flor del Espíritu Santo*," our [Panama's] national orchid.

Kathleen Facey
St. Paul, Minn.



Panama's rare waxy-white orchid is called *Esperíto Santo* ("Holy Ghost") because the center resembles a dove (see photo).

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 3 Courtesy Harvard University (2)—Buendía, Havana
- 4 Courtesy Harvard University—Buendía (3)
- 5, 43 Buendía
- 7 Wide World—Courtesy U.S. Weather Bureau
- 8 Courtesy U.S. Weather Bureau
- 9 Courtesy Dominican Embassy—Bettmann Archive
- 10 From *Mexican Music*, published by Museum of Modern Art (top right)
- 11, 12 From *Mexican Music*
- 13, 14, 15, 16, 27 Mitchell, Courtesy U.S. Department of Agriculture
- 17, 18 Courtesy Mariano Latorre
- 19 Courtesy Chilean Embassy—Courtesy Mariano Latorre
- 20 Courtesy Chilean Embassy
- 21, 22, 23 Courtesy Col. Manoel José de Almeida
- 24, 25, 26 Courtesy Jorge Pinette
- 28 Courtesy Manuel Scollo—Courtesy Rev. Edmund Stockins—Jim Mitchell
- 29 Courtesy Rev. Edmund Stockins
- 30 Courtesy Grace Line (top left)
- 31 Wide World—Courtesy U.S. Weather Bureau
- 32 Donal McLaughlin
- 39 From *Kon-Tiki*, by Thor Heyerdahl
- 42 F. Adelhardt (5)—H. and H. Hirschberg, La Paz (bottom left)
- 47 No. 1, courtesy Braniff International Airways—No. 2, courtesy Portuguese Embassy—No. 3, Charles U. Holbrook—No. 4, from *Canada*, 1947-8

Inside back cover John Roberts

Opposite: Founded about 1560, town of San Miguel Allende in northern Mexico is filled with colonial towers and belfries



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